

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 146

FEBRUARY, 1956

No. 876

WHAT ABOUT EDEN ?

The Editor

METRICAL TECHNIQUE

Walter de la Mare

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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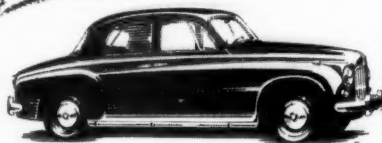
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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE month of January has been marked by much public discussion of Sir Anthony Eden's qualities and defects as a leader. We have therefore felt it right to consider at some length the whole problem of the Conservative leadership, in an article which immediately follows these "Episodes of the Month."

This article is, as it should be, outspoken; the truth may hurt, but we have written in a constructive spirit and without malice. We should like to emphasize that we do not want Sir Anthony Eden to resign; we want him to succeed and to become an effective national leader. As we write, he is just leaving on an important mission to the United States. We wish him the best of luck there, and on his return to this country. His own political future, and the welfare of millions, are at stake.

Crisis in Jordan

LAST month the situation in the Middle East continued to deteriorate. While the Arab-Israeli border remained quiet, a dangerous upheaval occurred in Jordan. General Templer's proposal that Jordan should join the Baghdad Pact immediately set off a week of rioting, which at one point bid fair to cost King Hussein his throne. While there is clear evidence that Saudi Arabian gold was freely used to spur on the rioters, the original outburst seems to have been spontaneous. Furthermore, it appears to have been a xenophobic demonstration, precipitated by the Templer visit, but not wholly connected with it. It was notable that the hostility of rioters was directed even more against American than against British institutions, though the Baghdad Pact was brought into being by the British, with only lukewarm support from the State Department.

It appears that Jordan, like other Middle Eastern countries, is going through a phase of intolerance towards outside interests or help. Though this State depends on Britain for its very existence, Jordanian rioters repeated the same parrot cries against British imperialism that the Egyptians had used in their campaign against the Suez Canal Zone. The one certain result is to postpone, if not to prevent altogether, Jordan's entry into the

Pact. It will be many months before the effect of the rioting has died away and the Templer proposal can be raised again. This represents a serious diplomatic defeat for the British Government, and a corresponding success for the Egyptians—and for the Russians.

The Oil War

EVEN more alarming than this local manifestation of unrest is the development of another cleavage between Britain and the United States over general policy in the Middle East. This threatens to be even more harmful than the split between the two Governments over Far Eastern policy, for it is based on a definite conflict of commercial interest.

For some time now, it has been apparent that an undeclared war is going on between British and American oil interests in the Middle East. The vast unexploited resources of the Arabian desert are coveted by both countries, and boundaries loosely drawn years ago have suddenly become the object of intense dispute, because of the oil-fields which may lie across them. United States companies have the concession in Saudi Arabia; hence the constant attempt by King Saud to extend his boundaries at the expense of the Protectorate and Trucial Sheiks, in the hope of taking in a little more oil-bearing land. King Saud's adventures at Buraimi and in Muscat displeased the State Department only in their outcome, and the Americans are now busily reading and talking of the "new British colonialism" in the Arabian peninsula—entirely disregarding their own.

In an area already inflamed by hereditary disputes, the spectacle of two great Powers squabbling over money is hardly edifying. If ever there was a time when Britain and the United States should speak with a united voice on the Middle East, it is now. We hope that Sir Anthony Eden and President Eisenhower will give their urgent attention to this aspect of Middle Eastern affairs, and that the "oil war" will no longer be allowed to impair the effectiveness of Anglo-American co-operation in the Cold War.

Malaya's Future

THE talks between Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Tengku Abdul Rahman, Chief Minister of Malaya, followed hard on those between the Secretary of State and the Tengku's opposite number in Singapore, Mr. David Marshall. Mr. Marshall and the Tengku came to London on similar missions—to discuss with the Colonial Secretary a definite date for the granting of independence. Between these visits, the two Colonial leaders managed to fit in their meeting at Baling with Chin Peng, Secretary of the Malayan Communist Party.

The results of this meeting are likely to increase the warmth of the Tengku's reception. Fears in London that he might seize the opportunity presented there, to gain a temporary popularity at the expense of future

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

security, have proved unfounded. The Chief Minister—with the full support of Mr. Marshall—refused to accept Chin Peng's terms, and insisted on unconditional surrender. The only danger arising from the talks came in the statement from Chin Peng that he and his men would surrender as soon as the control of affairs in the country had passed fully into the hands of the native leaders, and British troops have been withdrawn. It is felt that this may lead the Malayan Government to press for complete independence rather faster than is wise.

Nevertheless, on the general question of independence, the Tengku is likely to find that he is pushing against an open door, like Mr. Marshall before him. There seems to be agreement in London, Singapore, and Kuala Lumpur that July 1, 1957, is a suitable date for the next stage in Malayan independence.

What Form Should Independence Take?

THE only question remaining is the form which this is to take. The Colonial Secretary appears to envisage something on the lines adopted for Southern Rhodesia before Federation—complete self-government in internal affairs, but with control in Britain of defence and foreign policy. As both Mr. Marshall and the Tengku are prepared to accept this for the time being, there will be little dispute. But even when hostilities have ceased, it is unlikely that Malaya will be able, without British help, to defend itself against Chinese infiltration. It is to be hoped that this aid will be given—and accepted—for as long as is necessary.

Three other points remain: the future of British officials, the qualifications for citizenship, and the relationship between the Federation and Singapore. On the first the Colonial Secretary should be firm. Those who have served Malaya well, and will now be redundant, deserve full consideration for their services. The gulf between the Malay and Chinese communities, which is exemplified in the citizenship issue, must not be allowed to increase, while the artificial division of Malaya and Singapore must eventually be ended. On these points the British Government can do little more than advise. But we hope the advice will be forceful, for, until these problems are solved, Malaya's future will be bleak.

The French Elections

THE result of the French elections is even more depressing than the forecast. The extremes of Right and Left made sweeping gains; the Communists, with more than 150 seats, are now the strongest party in the Assembly, though their share of the vote was reduced by nearly one per cent. And M. Poujade, whose star had appeared to be waning a few weeks before the poll, secured the impressive total of two and a half million votes and 52 seats.

The success of the Poujadist movement is the most disturbing aspect of these results. The people who voted for M. Poujade were not moved

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by any great new policy, as he did not trouble to present one, except a rather bizarre proposal that any of his Deputies who did not toe the party line would be liable to execution—a suggestion which must be provoking sighs of envy from Mr. Heath and Mr. Bowden at Westminster, but can hardly be said to advance the cause of true democracy. The votes for the Poujadists appear to have been inspired by his cry of *Sortez les Sortants*, reflecting the passionate desire of the French electors for a change. In their belief that any change must be for the better, they have made the French Parliamentary deadlock even worse than it was before.

Some people find consolation in the fact that the body of Gaullists elected in 1951 displayed a similar contempt for Parliamentary institutions at the outset and modified their attitude with experience. But the analogy is hardly a true one. Most of the Gaullist Deputies were men with at least some knowledge of affairs. Many of M. Poujade's followers have never visited Paris before. They know little—and care less—about high matters of State.

Much will, therefore, depend on the character of their leader. While too much has been made in this country of M. Poujade's Fascist past—he was a follower of Doriot for only a few months in 1934 (at the tender age of thirteen)—there is no doubt that he has decidedly authoritarian tendencies and little desire to see democracy flourish. The comparison with the Hitler of 1929–30 is too close for comfort.

The Return of Otto John

THE return of Dr. Otto John, and his prompt arrest by the West German Government on charges variously reported as manslaughter and treason, is one of the most baffling stories of European intrigue since the end of the war. Compared with this, the affair of Burgess and Maclean is simple and straightforward. At least there is little doubt about the reason for the defection of the two Foreign Office men: but the motives behind Dr. John's shuttlings between East and West are wholly obscure.

One cannot help feeling deep pity for him. He represents the tragedy of the "good Germans"—those in whom the conflict between patriotism and duty was carried to agonizing lengths. He played a prominent part in the July 20 plot against Hitler, and fled to Britain when it failed, working here for the British Government. On his return to Germany after the war, he was—not unnaturally—regarded by his fellow-countrymen as a traitor. And it was only because the British Government vetoed every other candidate that he was appointed head of the West German Secret Service—a post in which Dr. Adenauer took very good care to restrict his access to confidential material.

Then, in the summer of 1954, he disappeared, turning up dramatically in East Berlin, whose sanctuary he claimed because of the re-emergence of the Nazis in West Germany. Since his return, he has denied that he went East voluntarily, but says that he was kidnapped, and felt it was

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best to play the Communist game until there was a chance of escape. But did it really take him eighteen months to find that chance? And if one accepts this story, how can one explain the reports at the time of his disappearance that he went of his own accord?

The West German authorities clearly do not believe him. But their charge of manslaughter, based on the allegation that he caused the bombardment of Peenemunde by the R.A.F., should not be allowed to stand. Otto John is a man who deserves the highest consideration in this country. Most of those who had to face the decision between their country and their conscience during the war have paid the penalty for it long ago. John lives on, and it is clear that the personal tragedy which Hitler provoked in so many people has not yet worked itself out in him.

Wages and Productivity

THE annual season for wage demands is now upon us, and already claims totalling more than £300 million have been lodged. Miners, engineers, electricians, and others, are clamouring for a greater share in the national cake.

But almost for the first time since the war the employers, who have hitherto acquiesced—under protest—in the demands, are showing some signs of revolt. The Standard Motor Company, for instance, have not only rejected the 12 per cent. increase demanded by their workers, but have served notice that they do not propose to consider any claims this year. In justification, they can point to the sharp decline in car sales over the last few months, which has all the signs of an impending recession in the industry. Short time working has been implemented throughout the car industry, but the only solution would seem to be a greater drive for exports. This the car manufacturers must undertake, for the country's sake as well as their own, and to do so, it is vital that they should cut costs, of which the chief is the wage bill.

Perhaps the truism that higher wages can only be justified by higher productivity is at last to be given more than theoretical recognition. But the month has been marked by new examples of restrictive practices among the trade unions, some of which—at Smithfield, for example—are far worse than anything that can be attributed to the employers.

Sir Galahad?

THE Second Annual Report of the Press Council, which makes most entertaining reading, does little to reveal the function intended for this august body. That it has been responsible for toning down some of the exuberance of the national Press is a claim which few would attempt to substantiate. Indeed, there is an amusing account of a clash between the Council and an independent-minded editor in Inverness, in which the Council definitely comes off second best. And Mr. Driberg, who modestly describes himself as a "father of the Press Council," angrily

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refers to his offspring as a "bastard." If this is true, surely Mr. Driberg is to blame?

There do appear, however, to be two functions which the Council can carry out effectively. The fact of its existence ensures that really gross departures from the standards which all would like to see in the Press do not pass unnoticed. And as it gains in prestige and strength, its praise and censure should carry increasing force. Secondly, the existence of such a voluntary body is some guarantee that future Socialist Governments, which might tend to resent—as the 1945 Government resented—the activities of a free and independent Press in this country, will find it very difficult to interfere with the Press. If that were its only usefulness, the present Press Council would be worth having.

A Great Archbishop

THE death of Dr. Cyril Garbett on New Year's Eve was a severe blow to all Christians, regardless of sect. As Archbishop of York (an office which he assumed at the age of sixty-seven) he had shown an energy of mind, body and spirit which can seldom have been equalled. He gave to the Northern Province, of which he had no previous knowledge, the same devoted and efficient service that he had given, as Bishop, to the Dioceses of Winchester and Southwark. At the same time he managed to travel immense distances, acting as a pastor to the whole Anglican Communion; to make speeches in the House of Lords, which were notable for their good sense and gentle wit; and to write a number of books, some of which became best-sellers. He was without doubt the most impressive figure in the Church of England and his influence will be felt for many years to come.

Dons or Parish Priests?

TO those who knew him, one of his most striking characteristics was his tolerance. Another was his insatiable interest in new people and new ideas. He was a man of fixed beliefs, but he did not confine his friendship to those who shared his theological outlook. He professed, and practised, the supreme Anglican virtue of comprehension, and we can only pray that his example will be followed by all members of the Church of England, "high" or "low."

His success as a Prince of the Church was also due to the fact that he had begun his working life as a parish priest. He was not a glorified don or schoolmaster. Too often the highest positions in the Church are given to men who have little, if any, experience of parish work. This is unfortunately true of the new Archbishop of York, Dr. Ramsey, but we hope he may all the same prove to be a worthy successor of one of the greatest Primates this country has ever known.

WHAT ABOUT EDEN ?

AS a rule the Conservative Party is loyal, almost to a fault, to the man who happens to be its leader. "Team spirit" plays a large part in the Tory psychology, and anyone who criticizes the captain is usually thought to be "letting the side down." Nor is this attitude by any means contemptible. Without it, collective action becomes impossible, as the French are continually finding and as our own Labour Party has recently found. But there is, and must be, a limit to the willingness of free and thinking people to submit to leadership which is bad or to sustain the myth of a leadership which is non-existent. That this limit has nearly been reached in the case of Sir Anthony Eden is no longer a matter of gossip; it is a matter of fact.

Curiously enough, but also understandably, Sir Anthony's reputation in the country, though it has declined, is still higher than that of his Government, and is probably higher than that of any other political figure. The reasons for this are not altogether flattering, either to him or to the public. During the nineteen-thirties he established himself in the eyes of "flappers" and "bobby-soxers" of all ages as the *jeune premier* of British politics, and although he is now a not-so-*jeune premier*, he still reacts to a crowd in the manner of a film star, and is pleased (where another man would be embarrassed) by the almost hysterical emotionalism which he provokes. He also appeared in the nineteen-thirties to the large body of well-meaning, woolly-minded people associated with the League of Nations Union, who are still an important influence in the country and who have their disciples and equivalents among the younger generation. These people looked to Eden as a more glamorous

version of their beloved Neville Chamberlain, and his resignation in 1938 was so belated, and the motives for it were so obscure, that he did not thereby forfeit their affection. By a singular stroke of luck, or good management, he put himself right with the anti-appeasers while retaining the goodwill of the appeasers. This is the secret of his unique popularity.

In general, it can be said that he has reached the top of the tree by avoiding wherever possible statements or actions which could antagonize any significant number of people. His speeches—especially on home affairs, in which he has been very little implicated—have had an anodyne, not to say an anæsthetic, quality. By patenting the phrase "a nation-wide, property-owning democracy" he was able, in the post-1945 period, to fix himself in the public mind as a man of generous, liberal instincts, without having to put himself to the inconvenience of defining a policy. He produced a slogan, but he was careful not to inquire too closely into its practical implications, or to face its practical difficulties. In Opposition, or as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he could safely ignore the problems which had been raised by his own nebulous phraseology. He was not directly responsible. But as Prime Minister his responsibility is direct and total, and he has yet to prove that he is capable of shouldering it.

There were many, well qualified to judge, who from the first doubted his ability to be a leader. They pointed to his tendency to vacillate on big issues, and they saw in him not the self-confidence, verging on conceit, which often goes with effective leadership, but a streak of personal vanity which is at all times a most dangerous weakness.

Yet those who supported his claims could bring forward strong arguments in his favour. His intellect, though unoriginal, was quick and alert. His record as Foreign Secretary, especially since 1951, was remarkable. Though no orator, he was a very skilful debater, a good Parliamentarian, and a brilliant performer on television. He had an undeniable flair for politics, which was very well exemplified in his timing and conduct of the General Election. It remained to be seen whether or not he would be equal to the tasks of initiating policy, of co-ordinating the work of Government, and above all of giving inspiration and a sense of common purpose, not only to his own party followers, but to the nation as a whole.

So far, it must be admitted, he has failed lamentably on all three counts. The Ship of State (as *Punch* suggested in a cartoon which may become famous) is lurching through high seas with no-one visibly at the helm. Sir Anthony's colleagues in the Government are uneasy; the Tory majority in the House of Commons has become seriously demoralized; disaffection is spreading to the constituencies and is apparently being accompanied by a falling-off in funds. The Press is on the whole critical, and even the *Daily Telegraph* has stepped forward to the attack—stepping back again almost immediately, as if amazed at its own independence. With an engaging perversity (which is no doubt fully justified from a commercial point of view) the Beaverbrook newspapers have now decided to support Sir Anthony—a change of front which, as Vicky implies, the supposed beneficiary may not altogether welcome. In the country there is no awareness of crisis, no response to the magnetism of strong ideas and a strong personality. *La Grande Bretagne s'ennuie*. The international position continues to deteriorate, inflation has not yet been

checked, and in a whole variety of ways—some important, some trivial—the Government has given proof of its ineptitude.

For this the Prime Minister must take the largest share of blame. He inherited from Sir Winston Churchill a talented and successful team, and he is confronted by an Opposition which is still divided, emotionally muddled, and intellectually bankrupt. There is no reason why the present Government should not be one of the best in our history; in fact, it is in danger of becoming one of the worst. It is no exaggeration to say that Sir Anthony's position, both as leader of his Party and as Prime Minister, is extremely shaky. Among those who are in any way concerned in the business of politics it is almost taken for granted that he will be out before the next General Election, and there have been strong rumours of an earlier resignation—rumours which were given an additional boost by an ill-judged denial from 10 Downing Street. It is, however, still too early to assume that he will be unable to redeem himself. He is a clever and industrious man, and he has great tenacity.

For our part, we very much hope that he will be spurred by criticism, and by the threat of failure, into revealing powers of leadership which he has not yet shown. Loyalty and common sense alike suggest that it would be unfortunate if he were to resign—at any rate in the immediate future. For who would succeed him? At the moment there is no obvious successor, but the most likely candidate is still Mr. R. A. Butler, in spite of his manifest shortcomings during the past year. He is discredited, but not discredited enough. As Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, he occupies a position in which he might well become the focus for discontent. While sup-

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THE SHIP OF STATE.

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porting the Prime Minister in his difficulties—as he has promised to do himself, and as he has urged others to do—he might find that, by a relentless process, his own claims were being preferred to those of Sir Anthony Eden. If this were to happen, it is most unlikely that he would refuse to accept the logic of events.

While the Prime Minister has appealed, and still appeals, to the mass, Mr. Butler has been at great pains to cultivate the intelligentsia and the Press (a necessary distinction in terms). After 1945 he was able to project himself as a new Peel or Disraeli, reconciling the traditions of Conservatism with the revolutionary demands of the post-war world. By so doing he distracted attention from the fact that he had been Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office at the time of Munich, and even now this episode in his career is apt to be forgotten. His wooing of the Press has been persistent and remarkably successful. Journalists are often represented as hard-boiled, cynical and worldly-wise, but, in fact, they are often the most naïve of men. When a high-ranking Minister takes them into his confidence, they are too ready to assume that he is doing so because he recognizes their transcendent merits and needs their advice. They thus become warmly and kindly disposed towards him, and lose no opportunity of writing him up in their papers—a development which the high-ranking Minister may well have foreseen.

We do not wish to suggest that Mr. Butler is altogether Machiavellian, but his best friend would not deny that he is extremely ambitious, and there can be no doubt that the much greater publicity which has been given to his virtues than to his defects as a statesman owes more to his own deliberate efforts than to the operation of chance. Another

asset which is certainly not accidental is the existence of what may be termed the “Butler school of politicians”—clever, pushing and not particularly lovable men, mostly young or middle-aged, who are grateful to Mr. Butler for his patronage and have a lively expectation of favours to come. These worthies, who can soon be recognized in any company, are apt to talk of “Rab” much as ancient Egyptians may have talked of the god Ra. He is their tutelary deity, their totem-pole, and they are constantly doing missionary work on his behalf. But the word “friend” has a special meaning in politics, and a man should never be judged by his political friends. When assessing Mr. Butler’s fitness or unfitness to lead, the vital consideration is simply this: that his best work was done under the direction of Sir Winston Churchill. In other words, it may be necessary to say of him, as of Sir Anthony Eden, that he lacks the fundamental resource and stamina of a born leader.

A stronger claimant would be Mr. Harold Macmillan, who has recently succeeded Mr. Butler at the Exchequer. No-one could accuse Macmillan of being a careerist. In the nineteen-thirties he had all the requirements for quick promotion in the Tory Party of that time—a good academic record, business experience and aristocratic connections. But he saw clearly what should be done, both in foreign affairs and in regard to the problem of unemployment; and he had the courage of his convictions, with the result that he was excluded from office until Sir Winston Churchill came to power. He is an outstanding speaker, and his views always bear the impress of his own personality. As an administrator, he has won lasting fame as the man who reached the target of 300,000 houses a year.



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But there is one serious flaw. His brief tenure of the Foreign Office was disastrous, and in particular his attitude towards the Russians at the second Geneva Conference last year was a masterpiece of folly. He announced in advance, with a garrulity and maladroitness worthy of Mr. Dulles, that if enough pressure were brought to bear on the Russians, they would give way again, as they had done in the past. At the Conference itself he maintained the Western line, for which Sir Anthony Eden is equally responsible, that Germany must be re-united as a first priority; and while asserting the principle of self-determination for the Germans, he was, at the same time, denying it to the Cypriots. Much could be written about this distressing phase of our foreign policy. But for

the moment, it is only necessary to remark that Mr. Macmillan's record, though unusually good, is not without a blemish. If he can now succeed, where Mr. Butler has failed, in bringing inflation under control, his follies as Foreign Secretary may well be forgotten, and his claims to succeed Sir Anthony Eden may in due course prevail.

In the top flight of Conservative Ministers the only other possible leader is Lord Salisbury. He is a man who is both liked and respected, and he is not a career politician, in the sense that he has other interests in life besides politics. In some ways he resembles Sir Anthony Eden, and they resigned together in 1938—Lord Salisbury being, it is said, the prime mover. He is astute and sensitive, and he can speak much

more effectively in Parliamentary debate than in any other setting. But he differs from Sir Anthony Eden in that he seems to have deeper roots and to represent something more solid in the life of the nation.

Whether or not he can assert himself against difficulties and obstruction is not so certain. It is a bad sign that since 1951 he has failed to achieve a reform of the House of Lords, though he knows very well that unless the House is reformed it will either be abolished or will simply perish through inanition. If he cannot persuade his colleagues to enact this important Constitutional measure, which comes clearly within his sphere of duty, it may be doubted whether he would be a strong enough leader. In any case it is most unlikely that Conservatives in the House of Commons would withdraw in his favour their dogmatic objection to a Prime Minister in the Lords. This theory, which was first invented as a convenient excuse for keeping out Lord Curzon, is fast becoming a fetish, and it is necessary to remind M.P.s that a good Prime Minister in the House of Lords is more to be desired than a bad Prime Minister in the Commons. So long as he sits in one or other of the two Houses of Parliament, he is available for questioning, and he can be made to answer for his actions. Of course it is much preferable, in the ordinary way, that he should sit in the elected Chamber, but there should be no hard-and-fast rule. If this principle were accepted, Lord Salisbury might well be in the running for the leadership; as it is, he is virtually disqualified.

It will be seen, therefore, that the present situation is highly perplexing and unsatisfactory. Sir Anthony Eden is not doing well, and on present form it is hard to imagine that he will ever become a dynamic leader. But the immediate alternative to him—Mr.

R. A. Butler—is even less inspiring, and of the other two possible successors, Mr. Macmillan has to live down a bad record at the Foreign Office and to make his name as the saviour of our economy, while Lord Salisbury has to live down the fact that he is a peer. It would seem that the moment is definitely not ripe for Sir Anthony to resign, and perhaps he may yet confound his critics and give new hope and encouragement to his friends.

We should like to see him do so, because he has many fine qualities and because changes of leadership are unhealthy, and should only be envisaged as a last resort. Cannot Sir Anthony, now that he is Prime Minister, escape from the methods and the attitude of mind which have helped him to reach that exalted post? Cannot he become a vibrant and independent human being, like his father, instead of a composite and colourless political machine? Cannot he form his own ideas, compose his own speeches, and go his own way? If not, he will suffer the same fate as Neville Chamberlain (for different reasons) in 1940 and Arthur Balfour (for somewhat similar reasons) just before the First World War.

On that earlier occasion Leo Maxse, Editor of this Review, coined the historic phrase B.M.G.—Balfour Must Go—and in due course Balfour went. It would be tragic if Sir Anthony Eden's career were to follow the same pattern, and it were necessary for us to use against him the formula E.M.G. We do not overrate our own influence, or the influence of the Press as a whole. But honest criticism cannot be dismissed as "cantankerous," and it has a strange potency which men in high places ignore at their peril.

THE EDITOR.

METRICAL TECHNIQUE. I.

By WALTER DE LA MARE

OF his contemporary poets, Coventry Patmore—with Tennyson—was certainly one of the most assiduous students of the craftsmanship and art of verse. *The Angel in the House* may now appear to be almost pedantically parochial in some of its ingredients. There is not a vestige of the parochial in the metrical comments that accompany the narrative; and his own superb mastery in the use of verbal rhythms, in his *Odes*, is of sovran value. Any reason he may offer, then, for his admiration, amounting in this particular case to unqualified laudation of a fellow poet, cannot but be intensely interesting—abundantly amplified as it is in his *Essay on Versification*.

George Meredith, Francis Thompson and Patmore shared an intense admiration and affection for Alice Meynell's poems and essays. In a review of her *New Essays* of 1896 Patmore declares :

Her literary manners are so supremely and manifestly lovely that they seem to have imposed the same sort of moral compulsion upon her literary inferiors to become as much like her as they could, as is imposed upon an ordinary company by the personal presence of the like extraordinary excellence of character and culture. Exceeding beauty, with its pathos of unapproachableness, checks all vulgarity, violence, and haste in those who behold it with appreciation.

One may pause over almost every salient word in this comment and compare it with our own usual status of appreciation of any "extraordinary excellence of character and culture." The pessimist might suggest that the contrast resembles one's departure or

eviction from a green and shady oasis into the heat and dust of the sands of the wilderness.

There follows, in Patmore's review, a paragraph which specifies what he maintains is the paramount technical difference between what is prose and what is verse.

Her prose, at its best, is the purest and most beautiful of prose. It is the only prose that is perfectly artistic, simply because it is perfectly and elaborately beautiful, without ever exceeding the limits of prose. Nearly all the finest prose in our language occasionally breaks through the metrical bounds of prose, and degenerates into verse. The prose of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor and Milton often falls into sentences which are scannable by metres of two feet, with a major and a minor accent. For example, Hooker's saying, "Such perfect friends are truth and love that neither lives where both are not," is a pure iambic tetrameter. But the simplest iambic foot of two syllables and one accent is religiously kept to in Mrs. Meynell's *Essays*, and she never falls into the artistic error, which nearly all other great writers sometimes commit, of changing the unequalled grace of her *walk* into a passage of *dance*; for that is the exact difference between prose, of which the unit is the iambic foot, and verse, of which the lowest division is the *metre* of two feet. There are many excellent writers who, like Newman, have adhered strictly to the rule of prose; but such writers have never given, or even perhaps aimed at giving, to prose the greatest artistic beauty, by evoking its proper music, while obeying its primary laws. Rare as the most excellent poetry is, the most excellent prose is yet rarer.

Fewer persons, adds Patmore un-

deniably, can walk well than can dance well. It would seem hardly possible then that, after having declared so simply his central notion, he could have passed unnoticed the lovely dancing his own prose has been waylaid by in its last twenty-eight words, i.e. :

But such writers have never given,
or even perhaps aimed at giving, to
prose,

the greatest artistic beauty;
By evoking its proper music,
While obeying its primary laws.

And then the supremely effective break in the stanza, as it were, into another metre :

Rare as the most excellent poetry is,
The most excellent prose is yet rarer.

How many little problems are inherent in this quotation!—not the least fascinating perhaps being an attempt to find the reason why the effect of iambic feet is so simply but essentially different from the effect of as many trochees, although both are based on a *latent* waltz-time. And further, will the succession of iambic feet (an inversion, that is, of our customary habit in talking —“you are looking very poorly”) be instantly a kind of fingerpost to the approach of *poetry*? One almost laughs aloud at thought of the vast quantity of readable matter, whether in journalism or in the prose masterpieces, that has so easily evaded the faintest intimation of the peril of falling into poetry—into a certain level, that is, of the imaginative, and a certain order of beauty. It is infinitely easy (and shameful) to extract the very possibility of either from what may be a treasured and familiar stanza of poetry. E.g., “My love is like a pale-pink rose. . . .” “John Gilpin was an alderman. . . .” “Believe me that all those endearing young charms. . . .”

When we consider the craftsmanship of any object adapted from the Earth's

prodigious riches and achieved by Man, we are, of course, merely asking ourselves with what skill and mastery of its material it has been made. Whatever the object (or artefact) may be—whether chair or earthenware pot, a bridge, a picture, a statue, building, machine, a song or a symphony—it has been made or re-fashioned well or ill out of *something*, a certain medium—wood, clay, stone, metal, paint and canvas, notes of music. So with anything we say, with anything we write. *That*, whatever motive, thought, intention, feeling, aura it is intended to convey, lies solely in its specific arrangement of words and in their protean interpretation. This is as true of a small child's first ink-blotted letter home to his mother as of Darwin's *The Origin of Species*; of a nursery rhyme as of *Paradise Lost* or *Macbeth*. One and all consist of words in a certain order. It is when we consider the phrase “words in a certain order” that an endlessly complicated problem presents itself, and one that has been explored again and again; but never exhaustively. The origins of human speech and of all language are at one extreme; grammar and what is called style, or even the grand style, at the other; and between them lies the complete range of what man is able to express by any means in sounds and symbols concerning himself, his world, his universe, and his destiny.

* * *

Now since from our earliest childhood we have all of us become gradually accustomed to the use of language, it has become very familiar to us. So habitual indeed that we may fail to realize what the feat implies; and yet, after how long and laborious a discipline we attained to such apparent ease! “Babies,” says the author of *Modernism*

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in *Language-Teaching*, "cry for the same reason that lambs cry—because they want their mothers." The crying is an instinct. Not so speech: speech is a faculty that has to be acquired. None the less, he goes on, "the child . . . with its passionate craving for communication . . . is born a language-learning animal."

And animals though in much we are, long before we could talk we had begun to attach meanings to the words—to the verbal sounds that is—we heard. But we first learned our words and their meanings from our own observation and sensibilities; from nurse and mother, not from a book. We discovered, that is, for the most part, words and their significations, not by being taught them individually one by one, but chiefly from the frame or context in which they were set—looks and voices: tender, compassionate, laughing, scolding, enraged, anxious, intent, sorrowful. From telling gesture also, and from our gradually familiarized surroundings. Objects and the sounds of the words for them, and the practice of using them inwardly and outwardly, so to speak, became as closely related in our minds as a brook and its chimings, as a man and his shadow.

This was one great feat, astonishing enough if it were not in very various degrees so usual; yet even at that incompletely explicable. And thus, by listening, watching, mimicking and so forth, we taught ourselves, unaided perhaps, to transform the heard into the vocal—sound into speech. We learned to talk, slowly to master the making, that is, of about 50 several vowel sounds, apart from the various consonants in the English language alone. From being mute little noise-makers we became chatter-boxes. And if you listen carefully to a child of, say, eighteen months old and onwards—already familiar with his own meanings

of a large number of words—striving with might and main to imitate and to repeat words heard, wanted, but as yet novel, you cannot but marvel, first at its pains and patience, and next at its innate skill.*

After learning to talk there came another difficult thing. For within a few years at most of beginning to talk, we were beginning to learn to read: first perhaps letters and syllables, then words. John Ruskin as a child mastered his words whole. And that these achievements were perfectly distinct triumphs of mind and memory is made clear in two forms of *aphasia*, in both of which speech remains unaffected, but in one the victim can recognize and vocalize printed words but not letters; in the other letters but not words.

When we consider age and their intrinsic difficulty, is there any other in life to compare with these three elaborate achievements—victories of mind over earthly circumstance—learning to interpret speech, gesture and so forth, learning to talk, learning to read?—and to convert what is read into images, thoughts, feelings. Even such a thing as a folk-tale, say—something complex, coherent and whole. After this, progress seems slow indeed.

The difficulty of expressing anything in words, at any age is, of course, in accordance with what we *wish* to express—from idle prattle on to serviceable "talk," to formal conversation,

* And apart too, from children. It has been a fascinating experience to watch my budgerigar, once called Tony, now perforce re-named Antoinette, first—*sotto voce*, and at length openly-mastering, inflection perfect, a constantly repeated scrap of flattery: "Pretty, pretty boy-ee! Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty boy-ee!" The patience and persistence, the sustained and visible mute effort were astonishing—the purely willing discipline of that tiny, slender, feathered creature with her downy, dome-shaped head—a shape not wholly absent from our seats of learning.

to written prose, plain, sensitive, impassioned or profound; from mere rhyming on to respectable verse, and then, maybe, to lyric, ode, even epic. Natural and spontaneous though each of these achievements may seem to be, the naturalness is but seeming. It is actually the hard-won outcome of a slowly expanding lifetime's practice, waking and dreaming, and of an incessant experience in the use of words—a practice that never more than approaches positive perfection. Any attempt to express fully in words the meaning even of anything so natural and instinctive as a frown or a smile; love, aversion, a scowl, a sob or a kiss, is proof enough of that.

In anything relating to metrical technique then, we have to remember by what infinite degrees, how perpetually yet gradually we once learned to attach word to object and, at last to talk; and what incessant and laborious even though unheeded practice we have had since.

So with any other physical and mental accomplishment. Using one's legs for example. First kicking and lunging more or less at haphazard in a cradle; then crawling, then standing, then walking, then running, then jumping, then dancing; and at last—at long last—a unique Nijinski, a Karsavina pirouetting on her points.

Inch by inch and step by step we enlarge our sphere of control; until at length we may become unable to realize how we do what we do without apparently the least effort. As with a child and its first "Reader" so with versifying. It becomes after long custom, practice and familiarity all but a second nature—and then the signal may be at "danger"!

Take for instance, so dismally matter-of-fact a statement as "'Mother'" indeed. It's no use asking her to change her mind." At first glance we might not

recognize this as metrical at all—yet verse it certainly is. It's *no /use ask/ing her /to change /her mind*. By varying its context, moreover, and therefore its rhythm, we can as it were escape from its inherent wooden intonation, and so disclose and emphasize differing shades and degrees in our intended meaning:

"Mamma is *adamant*. We must be resigned;

It's *no use* asking her to change her mind."

"Be crafty, darling! That will help you'll find;

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"Conjure not *Destiny!*—the deaf, dumb, blind;

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"Poor brainless *Chloe!*—so gentle, sweet and kind:

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Now, since a fine poem is acknowledged to be an example of what is at the same time the most vigorous and delicate, the most simple and elaborate,

* Even this meagre fragment of doggerel reveals what may at times pass unnoticed—that the terms, longs and shorts, trochees, anapaests, dactyls, etc., however serviceable they may be to the versifier, and to his critic, are in themselves no less airy nothings than the beats of a conductor's baton, but not denoting any quality or characteristic in the content of its actual feet, only their duration. And that duration, together with pitch, timbre etc., may be more or less numerous. English verse (precisians permitting) is singularly elastic in this respect. With Mary Howitt's and Lewis Carroll's nursery masterpieces in mind, we can tamper with the metre of her *Spider and the Fly*. With the same number of feet but additional fractions of shorts, it may run "Won't you walk into the shrubbery? remarked the gardener to the fly proprietor." To whom the latter surlily, succinctly and prudently replies in the same temporal metre in two monosyllables, making full use of that priceless device, the metrical pause; "*Not—Me!*"

the most personal and universal of all kinds of verbal communication, it should most clearly reveal, if we examine it carefully, a *masterly* use of words. Here, again, it is all a matter of aptness and proportion; simple speech for simple things; bubble of words for bubble of fancy; slow, searching, lucid arrangement for close reflection and exposition; a noble utterance for a thought that is noble. And no human thought is utterly devoid of feeling. Simply, then, because any poetic impulse or conception is so completely inward a thing before the attempt is made to put it into words, and simply because the attempt itself is the outcome of a deep and sensitive self-communication, it is no wonder that all technicalities in connection with it have been the subject of endless discussion and controversy.

Yet in one thing at any rate the poets themselves have agreed. "Poesy," said Sidney, "is an art of imitation . . . with this end, to teach and delight . . . For indeed poesy ever setteth virtue so out in her best colours . . . that one must needs be enamoured of her." And Dryden: "Delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poesy . . . Poesy instructs as it delights." "The simple fact," says Poe, "is that while there neither exists nor can exist any work more . . . supremely noble than" a fine poem, any such poem must have been written "solely for the poem's sake . . . I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*."

The critics, linguists, philosophers have their views also, and have expressed them as vigorously, and we could discuss for the whole of a long summer's day what Keats fully meant by "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." But even if the poets themselves had never spoken, the fact is undeniable—that words may delight us, and may at best give us a

lifelong and exquisite pleasure. How?

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Let us begin with the rudiments—and it is only with the merest rudiments and in a very rudimentary fashion that I can attempt to deal with so far-ranging and complex a subject at all. Words then, I think, delight us in three ways. First, in that, since they consist of sounds and are vocal they may be sensuously pleasant to make—a pleasure which is as instinctive and profound as that in colour, form and so forth. Next, because being vocal and therefore audible, they may be pleasant to hear. And last, since in writing or in print, words are visible objects, their mere shape and design as graphic symbols, may also be pleasing.*

But since both in human and in individual experience, speech preceded writing, and since an English ploughman or hedger-and-ditcher who is unable to read or write—who is "illiterate" as we say—may be none the less a man of good heart, of sound sense, of a rare and remarkable skill, understanding and wisdom, whereas a man unable both to speak and to under-

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stand speech is either a deaf-mute or an idiot; for most of us, I suppose, the written or printed word is seldom only a *sight-symbol*. It is first and foremost a sound-symbol. (We may, of course, read by sight alone; either, not even infinitesimally articulating inaudibly the sounds of the words or, as remotely hearing them. But, this, I fancy, is unusual. For my own part I feel tolerably certain that the words I read by sight and to myself are habitually not only "formed", and are for the most part faintly audible, but also that a remotely perceptible activity of the vocal organs is involved.)

These reactions may be wholly inward—spectral sensations, difficult to detach and to describe, but they are not the less active, pleasing, ravishing, apt, or otherwise, for that. Unless indeed, when reading even to ourselves, we not only *over-hear* the sounds which the printed or written words stand for, but also, as it were, *over-say* them—give them inaudible utterance—we cannot but lose any perceptible sensuous effect of words as vocal sounds; and it is largely on this that fine prose and all verse depends for what may be called the externals of any delight it may bestow on us.

* * *

Words in themselves, of course, are by no means our only method of communication. However well-accustomed or skilful we may be in the use of them, we try to make ourselves the better understood by means of gesture, signs, and changes of facial expression. Some little time ago Sir Denison Ross suggested an international written language consisting solely of, say, 1,000 Chinese ideographs. A list of about 900 English words has been compiled whereby most human wants, wishes, ideas and feelings can be expressed—Basic English. It

has been warmly welcomed by the Chinese. A dumb language might also be compounded, consisting solely of simple but detectably severed signs and gestures. One for bed, say; another for board, another for the bill and a last for a blessing. With any such sign-language, if it were common everywhere, and it might be a fascinatingly graceful language to *watch*, we might travel all the world over and find ourselves in any ordinary circumstances intelligible and at ease.

Helen Keller, indeed, sightless, mute, marvellously patient, was communicated with and taught to communicate solely through her sense of touch. Animals and birds, it may be, apart from bodily movements and the various sounds they make, may somehow communicate directly brain with brain, or possess something in the nature of a communal consciousness. The famous naturalist, Edmund Selous, came to the former conclusion. Ants—though it is said that they can detect the presence of their queen on the other side of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of metal and that termites on the outskirts of a termitary are instantly aware of any mishap to theirs—appear to communicate by means of their antennæ; honey-bees by means of physical actions and postures and patterns of dancing.

Human telepathy, the occasional, (possibly frequent and even habitual) direct communication of consciousness with consciousness, by a means as yet undiscovered, is not only a further possibility, but accepted by some authorities as an established fact. Was not Sir Oliver Lodge hoping so to transmit a message from elsewhere, when hand, tongue and brain can serve and aid him no more? And is it inconceivable that in our rarer conditions of silence or meditation we may be, though all but unwittingly, in communication with other "worlds" and the "dead"?

METRICAL TECHNIQUE. I.

What too is the profoundly pacifying means of communication implied in the word *prayer*?

Compared with telepathy indeed, language would be at best a very slow and yet exquisite means of communication. Imagery and degrees and mutations of feeling, unlike speech in words, are so rapid as to seem to be almost instantaneous, and thought itself is as tortoise to hare compared with the swiftness of dreaming. But whatever its merits or defects as a means of communication may be, talking in words is an activity in which we all freely indulge—both in public and in private. Even a little too freely at times. A rookery in spring is peace, perfect peace compared with a parochial tea-fight. And since no fewer than about 260 several speech sounds are available for the utterance of the 414 odd thousand words recorded in the New English Dictionary, there is ample scope for all. Some 15,000 different words at any rate sufficed William Shakespeare for his complete life's work, and even Mr. Shaw agreed that whatever his shortcomings may be he was at least unexcelled in the use of words.

Now every word we utter consists of a sequence of the most delicate adjustments of the vocal organs—lips, tongue, pharynx, throat, diaphragm. Any such sequence therefore—quite apart from iambic or trochaic or anapaestic metricality—not only requires care and pains to utter it clearly and well, but since each sequence is different from every other, they cannot all be equally pleasurable. And though effort may in itself be pleasing to us, we prefer in general what we can do with ease and fluency. A succession of words, therefore, enriched with pure open vowel sounds is with diversification, pleasanter to say than one clotted and cluttered up with consonants.

The Italian [wrote Richard Carew in the 17th century] is pleasant but without sinews . . . the French delicate but over-nice, as a woman scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish majestic . . . but running too much on the O, and terrible like a devil in a play; the Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel.

His beloved English, he claimed, in borrowing from these languages, gave strength to the Italian, sonority to the French, variety to the Spanish and mollified the Dutch. *Eureka!*

In the last resort, of course, we cannot say wholly *why* anything gives us pleasure. The play of light, the spanglings of a butterfly, the taste of honey, the noise of running water, the stepping of a gazelle, a certain face, a certain hand or little finger even, either please us or do not please us. If they do not, no mere reasoning why they should will help us very much. Thus we are made, thus we respond. Apart, however, from those few people who never speak until or unless they are spoken to, we most of us delight in talking for the same reason at least in part as we delight in singing—indeed the two faculties are twin-sisters. We enjoy talking, that is, merely for talking's sake. Apart from this, though, and whether they convince us or not, there *are* reasons—wide-reaching ones—why speech in itself is a pleasure. What are these?

Now all uttered speech of its own nature consists of a series of muscular *patterns*. In this it resembles practically everything that interests and delights us in the world around us. Our clothes, our houses, our furniture, our gardens, our fabrics, our pictures are made to pattern. Bones, nerves, muscles, arteries, we are ourselves an anatomical

pattern, as well as a pattern of all the virtues.

So hostile, indeed, are the human eye and ear, are body, mind and spirit, not merely to the unvarying but to the monotonous and to the unarranged, that rather than find no pattern or design in the objects around us, we are apt to imagine a pattern, to invent one. We sit in a railway train and look out of the window. The sun is shining; the grass is green. A group of farm buildings approaches us—a farmhouse, with its barns, byres, stockyard, meadows, animals, orchard and trees. And as we watch they take to themselves, as it were, a sort of pattern. As we draw nearer, that pattern changes; as we pass away and look back it changes again. It was we ourselves who discovered the patterns; as they changed with our change of view. What *the* pattern is—if there is one—who can say? Nor do we need anything so charming and various as a rapidly passing landscape for this instinctive activity—a tessellated pavement, a marble chimney-piece, a singing kettle will suffice. That great engineer, architect and painter, Leonardo da Vinci needed only a plain lime-washed wall. He is speaking of what may stir and inspire a painter's, an artist's fancy and imagination, and goes on:—

I will not omit from among these precepts one, which, though it may seem small and even to be smiled at, is, nevertheless, of great utility in rousing the genius to various inventions, and it is this: If thou wilt look carefully at a wall spotted with stains, or at stones variously mixed, thou may'st see in them similitudes of all sorts of landscapes, or figures in all sorts of action and infinite things which thou may'st be able to bring into complete and good form.*

Life itself *may* consist purely of a fortuitous succession of events on

which man alone imposes a relation, a design, a pattern. None the less without some such apparent pattern and relation, it would be a tale told by an idiot. Everything in this world, at any rate, from an atom or an animalcule to a hippopotamus, including the nerves bestowed on them, is made in accordance, again, with what man calls a design, a pattern, though how, whence, and where they are acquired and derived we may be less assured.

Egg, nest, song and flight—a bird makes patterns its whole brief life long. Some patterns please us, others less so, and this often for non-æsthetic reasons. Whether or not, its pattern form, symmetry or balance, varies with every individual of every kind and species. Oak, yew, elm, beech, thorn, cypress; willow, bole, bough, twig, leaf, flower, fruit, seed; each has its own specific pattern. Thus we distinguish them. None the less, every leaf on any single tree differs in *some* respects from every other. The more we magnify it, the more apparent, within a certain uniformity, will be the variation.

And man's physical interior follows suit. In the Medical Museum of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore is preserved a section of every organ of every patient that dies in its hospital. The Director of the Museum solemnly assured me that in some degree every single section was different from every other. Such is man—it was unexpectedly reassuring news!

* * *

* In a brief convalescence years ago I found myself frequently in the company of a black "marbled" suburban chimney-piece. It amazed me to discover that the designs and pictures easily discernible in it were of a classical rather than of a romantic order. As if extravagantly the very marble itself had prehistorically readied itself for a Leonardo's or Dürer's meditations!

METRICAL TECHNIQUE. I.

But most of these are patterings of the static—of things at rest. There are also patterings of motion and movement—rhythms. And these are in our blood. Indeed, any repeated series of physical movements tends to become rhythmical. The mower, the sower, the oarsman, the swimmer, the boxer—to each kind of action its own appropriate rhythm and series of rhythms; at first stumbling and instinctive and at last highly skilled, supple and pleasing to make or to watch. And in rhythm women spin, knit, brush their hair, dandle their babies and milk the cow. So also with all physical sensations and possibly thinking. So with “matter” itself and maybe the universe since Jove himself is now a master-mathematician. Far beyond the reach of the microscope and, alas, of my own experience, is not the molecule a collection of atoms each one of which is itself a minute universe of electrons circling like the morning stars in rhythmical patterings around a still secret nucleus? Moreover, to judge from any slow-motion cinematograph film, not only the quickest but the *best* way of achieving *any* series of movements is in itself rhythmically pleasing, attractive, beautiful. Thus, the water-lily, slow as the noiseless changings of the moon unfolds its petals as it broods in silence in the light and heat of the noonday. And the winner of the Derby or the Grand National as it glides with apparent effortlessness on its way is not only a credit to its trainer but a miracle of rhythmical beauty in action. Doing a thing pleasingly, then, is the reverse of a hindrance to doing it as rapidly and as well as possible.

The most *effective* method seems to be that which, in spite of the pains, gives us most pleasure.

But apart from *static* pattern and design, apart from rhythm of motion—and a willow beside a pool of water, whose twigs and branches submit themselves to the varying forces, frets, impulses and counterings of a breeze, is a mutable pattern in motion disguising a pattern at rest—there is the rhythm of sound. And apart from dancing to music, which may be enchantingly both these together, such patterns may be accidentally combined, as when, while listening to a symphony on the gramophone, years ago, I watched at the same time a sunlit horse cantering of its own sweet will in the spring-green meadow opposite my window, not *to* music, as may a man-trained horse in a circus, but merely *with* music. It was the more delightful a concurrence of rhythms for being completely unexpected.

Speech itself is conveyed to the ear of the listener by a series of complicated rhythmical vibrations of the air; each master unit of which must be detectable. Apart from any variation in its quality, then, every vocal sound must occupy enough, not too much, or too little, but enough *time* to admit of its being distinguishable.

Mere gabbling is but gabbling; while to listen to anything sung or said, or to a tune played on a cornet in notes, say, even only one whole minute apart would be not only unbearably tedious but destructive of any melody or of any message they were intended to convey.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

To be continued

FROM AN INDIAN VILLAGE

By MICHAEL FABER

"YOU have come at a very bad time really, but since you are here you are welcome."

Before me in rough, hand-woven trousers and a white smock stood an Indian girl of some thirty years. A thin cloth shawl shielded her head from the fierce pour of the afternoon sun.

"Why don't you come with me?" she put the letter of introduction unopened into her pocket, "I have to go and talk to one of the ringleaders of all this trouble we're having. While we are walking I shall try and tell you what are the causes of it all.

"The man we are going to see is one of the captains. There are two captains in the village, and they and their followers have a continual feud against each other. Just recently there has been fighting and breaking of heads. At first I thought I could ignore this fighting that the men do, that I could pretend it was none of my business. But, in truth, it makes my work impossible. So I have decided to take a hand in stopping it myself, and to teach them some sense.

"I should tell you that the two captains used to be subadar-majors in your old Indian Army. With the grants that they received when they retired they became the two largest landlords in the village. Now everybody's energies are concentrated on their feud, and nothing else can be done. The men say that they cannot clear land for the model farm, or to help build the school house, for if they do, someone from the other camp will destroy their crops while they are away. Each side says, 'Of course Panji, you know best, you are right, we want above all things to end this discord and

strife between us, but not until justice has been done, not until we have our revenge on the other side for the wrongs they have done us. It is the other side who are causing all the trouble, we only do these things in our own defence.' So, as you see, the feud goes on, and in fact gets worse and worse."

We turned down a path between two rows of sagging straw-roofed huts. The older Sikh women, the mothers amongst their pots greeted Panji with respect, bowing to her from their work, prodding their young children to a wave.

"We are now going to see if we cannot do something about a most stupid, but typical, incident that occurred last week. It started when a goat knocked down a bit of fence and strayed into the yard of a family next door, and ended with about seventy of the men setting fire to each others' houses, and swinging at each other with sickles and axes. Five of the men were taken to hospital and one is critically ill, and will not be able to work again. Meanwhile his wife comes to me and says, 'Panji, what shall I give the children to eat?' It is these poor devils that suffer, and their wives and families, not the captains. They live next door to each other, and by agreement between them, their own lives and property are sacrosanct."

We had arrived at the house. It was a few feet longer, perhaps, but no different from the others—low, sun-worn, made of mud brick, its windows shut with crooked wooden boards. The captain, Harchazam Singh, got off his charpoy, signalled Panji to sit down on it, and himself sat on a wicker chair that a follower brought for him. He

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had a clear crinkled face, and a flowing white beard, un-netted now in his age. His figure was slim but straight and borne with remembrances of past power. There were five or six other men with him, none, I should have hazarded, under a full 6 foot. They sat upon the low wall behind his chair. I sat there too, whence I could watch the drama of the conversation, and see too the fine line of the village maidens, their dun robes flowing to their ankles, clay jars upon their heads, going to fetch water from the well.

For an hour the talk bristled, intense and vivid. I noticed that this small woman, whose fingers often passed across her brow as if to soothe some pain, it was she who was on the attack. Her speeches were the more fluent, her questions the more powerful, her answers the readier. Two or three more men joined the circle, paying their respects to the captain and the girl, squatting thereafter on their haunches for the most part in silence. The blazing sun eased down the sky, settling the dust, and sinking somewhere beyond the edge of the plain. The last women, stragglers, moved back with their water from the well. Only once was there a break in the intensity of the talk, when a young man came into the courtyard on a fine stallion, dismounted, and led it through a doorway in the wall. An oil light or so, glowing through the windows of nearby houses, acknowledged the sudden coming of dusk. At length, Panji rose.

We walked back along the path. Night was now with us. "Were you successful?" I asked.

"We talk, and we talk, and we talk, and at the end of it perhaps we have progressed one inch."

* * *

The Social Welfare Centre, where Panji lived, and which was her head-

quarters, was enclosed by a wall of red brick. As we ate that evening Panji told me something of the history of the village.

After the partition of India in 1947, forty Sikh families from the part of the Punjab that is now Pakistan moved into Ramgarh, bought land with their compensatory grants, and in their forceful way squeezed out the few original Hindu settlers. Others followed them, until the village contained about 200 families.

Panji herself came from Lahore, where, with four friends who had been at the university with her, she organized a Social Welfare Society. She started work in Ramgarh in the autumn of 1949. The Social Centre at first tried simply to teach the wives of the village how to spin yarn and do wickerwork, so that they might add to the incomes of their husbands. But there was much else that cried out to be done in the village. For the 200 children Panji started a school. The Spinning Section, once going, was handed over to the Central Relief Committee, and instruction was started in weaving and practical handicrafts, as well as evening classes in adult education.

She had been in the village almost two years when she saw, one night, smoke and flames rising from the centre of the huts. Fearing fire, she took her torch and hurried to the scene. A large cauldron brewed over a roaring hearth. The villagers, feasting and laughing in their finest clothes, were proof that the occasion was a wedding feast. The house was that of one of Panji's pupils, a girl of eleven who only that morning had come to school happily jangling a new silver bracelet. Panji sought out the mother and told her to stop the party. Then she walked to the house where the bridegroom was celebrating with his own friends. The Sikh bridegroom wears black trousers and jacket

with gold braid, and carries a sword. Tinsel hangs over his face from an elaborate turban. Panji walked up to the man she saw thus clothed.

"Lift up your tinsel," she shouted, "let me see your face." He lifted his tinsel and showed the bearded face of a full-grown man.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself? What sort of partner can a girl like that make for you? How old are you?" The rest of the party fell silent.

"About thirty-one," he said.

"You must leave the village. The rupees that you paid for your bride will be returned to you."

"Why should I obey you?" he asked.

"You must obey me," she answered, "because what I say has the force of truth."

"Anyway," Panji told me later, "we shouted and argued with each other, and finally we came to a compromise solution. He agreed to leave the village with his family before dawn the following morning, and I allowed him to finish his soup."

When she returned to the Social Centre that night, she found four armed Sikhs. "We were sent here by Jaswant Singh," they said, "he was afraid that the friends of the bridegroom would come here and attack you."

Panji turned on them and drove them away. "If the whole village is not going to protect me," she shouted, "I do not want to be protected by only four of you. Go home and leave me to the protection of God who is the judge of us all."

* * *

Led by the eager village boys, I went out with the goats to pasture the next morning. When I returned, Panji was talking under the banyan tree with Jaswant Singh, the second of the captains.

"Not content with breaking each others' heads," she explained, "they are now indulging in expensive litigation. Already this month they have spent 500 or 600 rupees, and they will not listen when I tell them it is so much money down the drain. Now I am telling them if they want to argue their case, to argue it themselves before me, who will listen for nothing. 'See,' I say, 'I have come here only to help you. Do you want me to go away? Do you not trust me? If you are so concerned with squabbling amongst yourselves, instead of giving the money to lawyers you can use it to hire labourers to build the new school house, so that at least your children will grow up less stupid than you are.'"

Later that morning we walked over the 16 acres that the village council had granted for the building of a model farm. When we got back the doctor and the nurse were waiting at the centre, and a mother who wanted to know if her daughter was old enough to get married. The doctor came twice a week, at his own expense, from a nearby hospital. The nurse had been resident in the village for the last two years, supported by the Philadelphia Mission Hospital at Ambala.

Panji retired to the porch for her morning service, laying out the cloth and the goblet, lighting her candles, and dedicating the holy sugar before sharing it with her guest.

Late in the afternoon 500 of the old, the women and the children lined up for the distribution of "Point Four" powdered milk. After dark, we walked to the Girdwarah, or chapel, where Panji had recently started daily services. It was a low mud hut, like any other. Matting covered the earth floor. A single candle on a table lit the interior. As we arrived a woman outside started ringing a bell. When there were some thirty in the building, Panji turned to

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the women who sat around her and they broke into a lilting hymn. A blind girl who was staying at the centre sang next, accompanying herself on the stringed harmonium, a wavering chant that cut through the darkness like the flight of a bat. Stray figures had drifted in the while, and by now the building was full for as far as the candle permitted one to see. Panji read a passage from the Guru Granth Sahib, then laid aside the book, lent forward and began to talk.

For some time she was uninterrupted. Then a man, whom I had seen in the company of one of the captains, raised his voice and answered her. Another voice joined in. My eyes were by now used to the gloom and I could see the captains sitting next to each other. As she talked the interruptions grew more frequent, the discussion more heated and more general. At length, when voice was breaking in on voice, Panji started singing again, and the women around her took up the hymn. One more prayer was said and then we spread back into the night.

"That was as far as I could go this evening," Panji said.

The next morning, in honour of my departure I believe, emissaries arrived

from each of the captains bearing invitations to a festive dinner. Panji accepted both the invitations, explaining that to have refused one would have been showing favouritism to the other. In the afternoon, before either had had time to kill his animals, she sent a boy around to say that I was ill, and would not be able to leave the compound.

"Harcharam Singh's son has invited you to go riding with him," she added, "and will offer to accompany you to-morrow to Karnal, but he is a wild lad and they are only trying to use you in their own intrigues, I think you had better refuse."

So I stayed in that afternoon, fulfilling a request "to set out in best Oxford English a summary of the Centre's aims and achievements for circulation both here in India and abroad." As I left the next morning she gave me a careful copy of the bus company's local timetable showing clearly that I would have 18 minutes in which to catch the train at Karnal. "Do not forget," were her parting words, "to send me the photographs you have taken so that I can give them to the village boys."

MICHAEL FABER.

EISENHOWER'S FUTURE

By DENYS SMITH

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER still dominates the American political landscape. As the President's illness was the biggest news event of the past year, so his undisclosed future intentions constitute the biggest political factor in the New Year. Will he be a candidate again? And if he is not, whom, if anyone, will he support as his successor?

These are questions which concern not only the United States, but the rest of the world. There have been a good many complaints that the uncertainty about the President's intentions is having an unsettling effect upon the course of policy and events. It should be noted, however, that even if the President had not suffered from a heart attack there would have been uncer-

tainty about his intentions. The timing of his announcement on the subject was a matter of discussion before he went to Denver. The difference is that before the heart attack there was some doubt about his running again; now there is doubt about his not running. The uncertainty, in other words, is weighted a different way. The longer a decision is delayed the more chance there is of the Eisenhower wing retaining control of the Republican Party, should the decision be negative. A delayed decision also keeps the Democrats off balance. But that is not the reason for the delay.

The President himself has said that his mind is not made up. He has considered the relative importance which should be attached to the various factors in the situation, but those factors are still not clear. It may be March or later before he can weigh matters and reach a final decision. Eisenhower's recent conduct has led to increased hope among his supporters that he will run again. It certainly indicates that whether or not he decides to be the Republican candidate he will remain a Republican leader. Before his most recent, and encouraging, medical check-up he cabled the Republican National Committee, meeting in Chicago, that he would do everything in his power to help the Republican cause. This decision in the minds of many Democrats is of more significance than the answer to the question of whether he will run again. It means, they fear, that even if Eisenhower is not the Republican candidate, the Democratic candidate will still in effect be running against Eisenhower. The man whom the Republican Convention picks must by the nature of things be a man whom Eisenhower supports. No other candidate could hope in the short time available to organize any serious challenge

to those now in control of the Party organization. Eisenhower might not openly designate his successor, but the range of choice in the Convention would be limited to a small handful the President preferred. The Republican candidate would be supported by Eisenhower during the campaign; he would be photographed and shown on the newsreels with Eisenhower at his side, and identified in every way with Eisenhower's policies and personality. There are other Democrats who doubt that this procedure would be effective. The Eisenhower prestige, they argue, is not transferable. The glamour of his name could not be rubbed off on to some other man. It is Eisenhower himself who appeals to the independent voter and that voter will not be fobbed off with any substitute. There is no hesitation now about criticizing Benson or Dulles, members of the Cabinet picked and supported by Eisenhower, and so there would be no hesitation about rejecting a Presidential candidate picked and supported by him. The truth probably lies somewhere in between these contrasting views. Eisenhower's support of a Republican candidate would increase the otherwise slim chances of a Republican victory; Eisenhower's own candidacy would assure it.

The belief shared by many politicians, both Republicans and Democrats, that Eisenhower will again be a candidate, though it inspires different feelings, is based on the same data. The most impressive indications are the medical reports. The President's recovery has proceeded smoothly and progressively. There have been no setbacks or complications. Everything has gone right and nothing has gone wrong. The scar tissue which protects the injured area of the heart, only about as large as a halfpenny, grows stronger. There has been no enlargement of the heart. The

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blood pressure is normal. The President has been sleeping better than before the attack. He has been co-operating fully with his medical advisers; keeping to a sensible diet, leaving Washington for the warmer Florida climate at their suggestion, so that he could take the exercise his health required. The advice that he should take a couple of hours' rest in the middle of each day to avoid fatigue would have been given him whether or not he had suffered a heart attack. As Dr. Paul White, the Boston heart specialist, said, it would be a good practice for any future President to follow—in fact for anybody who had reached Eisenhower's age. Two other statements of Dr. White's encouraged the belief that Eisenhower might run again. He declared that the heart attack could not be attributed to the burdens of the Presidency and that the majority of his patients who had suffered from a heart attack did not have a second.

The accumulating medical evidence points strongly to a unanimous report by the President's medical advisers that the President has fully recovered. But standing alone that does not mean that the President's answer to the big political question of the year will be "yes." A medical verdict in a different sense would make it easy for the President to decide not to run. The anticipated verdict only makes any decision more difficult. Eisenhower alone can decide whether he feels up to the burden of another four years in the White House; whether he would be imposing too great a risk on the Office of the Presidency to undertake to fill it for another four years. A President's collapse in office is not only a personal tragedy, but a public tragedy, however effective might be the man who, as Vice-President, would take on his work. It is the public aspect of his decision

one may be sure on which Eisenhower will reflect more than on the personal aspect. The decisive factors will not be whether he would win or lose, or whether the Republican Party would benefit more by his running. The President himself said at a Press Conference just before he left Florida that he would not only have to consider what the doctors said to him. "It is a very critical thing to change governments in this country at a time that it is unexpected. We accustom ourselves, and so do foreign governments, to changing our government every four years, but something always happens that is untoward when a government is changed at other times. It is a rather startling thing. They tell me that there was even some disturbance in the stock market at the time I got sick. I didn't know it till six weeks later. They told me there was."

So far nothing which the President has done or said has closed any doors on the possibility of his running again. His messages to Congress left all doors wide open. He has drafted the kind of programme with which he could happily be a candidate again. But it is also a programme on which any candidate of the Eisenhower wing of the Party could stand. The President is sometimes said to have no political instinct. But the most ardent Republican campaigner cannot complain that Eisenhower has not taken full advantage of his political opportunities. He put the case for continuing a Republican Administration in the most glowing possible terms, picking out for special emphasis those issues which would be most effective in influencing the voters. It was this which the irked Democratic leaders had in mind when they complained of the "political overtones" of the message on the state of the Union. The message was shrewdly conceived. It is so sweeping in scope and so general in

expression that the Republicans will be able to claim credit for almost anything which the Democratically controlled Congress may do. Likewise the Democrats can be blamed for any sins of omission unpopular with the voter. In that sense it can be called a campaign document.

There is one negative consideration which might have a bearing, though probably not a great one, on the President's decision. Just as he has shown renewed zest and interest in public affairs, so according to some of those close to him has he shown less enthusiasm for the joys of retirement. The placid life of a gentleman farmer looked more appealing in prospect than in reality. In fact, they thought they detected a sense of boredom and restlessness in Eisenhower during his enforced inactivity. To be President of Gettysburg University, as was thoughtfully proposed, after being President of the United States, must have appeared a little like Napoleon's change from regulating the affairs of an Empire to regulating those of the island of Elba. But the President, no doubt, also recognizes that retirement from the White House need not mean complete retirement from public life or complete abandonment of public interests.

Another minor consideration is whether, in the event of Eisenhower's deciding to run, his health would become a campaign issue, or (put another way) whether the voters, despite their fondness for the President, would have heard so much about his illness that, ignoring the medical reports of his full recovery, they would still hesitate to vote for him on grounds of health.

In the past nobody has worried much about the physical condition of a candidate. But since the President's illness candidates seem to think it necessary to appeal to the voters with a programme in one hand and a health certificate in the other. Any open exploitation of the President's heart attack would be resented. There might well be a "whispering campaign" about it as there was about the health of Roosevelt, but as in Roosevelt's case this would probably win the President more sympathy than it would lose him votes.

One final question is whether the work of the Presidency could be reduced so that it would be less of a strain. One thing which appears certain is that under the American form of government the responsibilities of the Presidency cannot be reduced, though some of the incrustations of the Office, its ceremonial accompaniments, might be. As Eisenhower himself remarked, he had in the past "done things that were probably unnecessary." But it seems equally certain that if the President did not feel up to the full requirements of the task he would not agree to any arrangement under which he would be a half-time President.

All this may create an impression of complete vagueness. If so, it correctly reflects the existing state of affairs. If pinned down to be more precise than the available facts warrant, I should say that at present Eisenhower's inclination is against running again, that this attitude would not be changed by a completely favourable medical report, but that it might be by outside developments of a serious nature.

DENYS SMITH.

MOZART IN ENGLAND

By NOËL GOODWIN

AN astonishing revival of interest in Mozart (whose birth on January 27, 1756, was commemorated last month all over the world) has been a prominent feature of English musical life in the last half-century, and especially during the last twenty years. One or another of his operas is almost constantly in the repertory at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells; Glyndebourne has made them its particular speciality; two or three concerts a week at the Royal Festival Hall, on an average, contain some work of Mozart and, on the radio, more musical broadcasting time over a given period is devoted to Mozart than to any other composer. There is a danger that his bicentenary, as well as paying tribute to the most naturally gifted musician of all time, may mark the beginning of a reaction against him unless a more conscious effort is made to understand the real nature of his art.

Signs of this reaction were apparent in a spate of letters to one national daily paper a few months ago contemptuously labelling Mozart's music as "boring," "shallow," "tinkly stuff all right for children," and various other epithets. It was plain that not one of these correspondents had stopped to consider either the nature and circumstances of Mozart's music in relation to his own age, or the way it is affected by the vastly different conditions of the times we live in. These vehement denunciations reminded me of the equally misguided rage and scorn directed against Mozart just fifty years ago by a faction of fervent Wagnerites and others, typified by Paul Zschorlich's book, *Mozart-Heuchelei* ("Mozart-Hypocrisy"), published in Leipzig in

1906. This appeared at a time, however, when Mozart's reputation was already tarnished as a result of the liberties taken with his music in the late 19th century, especially in this country.

Since then, Mozart's music has been carried to its present state of worldwide popularity largely through mass-production methods of performance and reproduction. Audiences consequently accept it, in the mass, as something almost impersonal, and make little or no attempt either at discrimination or historical imagination. Both are indispensable to an informed understanding of Mozart and his place in our musical heritage. It is not easy to visualize the society and way of life and thought of which his music is the greatest living symbol, but it is possible to give a clue in the difference between a composer's status then and now.

This is the age of the specialist, when a musician is either a composer, performer or conductor, but rarely more than one of these. In Mozart's day the musician had of necessity to be all three (and—where opera was concerned—something of a producer as well). We live on a legacy of four centuries of music, which is almost a museum-piece repertory, whereas the Viennese society of two centuries ago was attracted only by novelty and was careless of all that had gone before. Moreover, its taste was narrow but clearly defined, it set strict standards to be maintained and not transgressed, and any show of eccentricity was instantly condemned. Our modern composers, on the other hand, observe as few limitations as possible and consequently have to work to create a taste

for their music, instead of merely satisfying—as Mozart was required to do—an existing demand within given limits.

In this way a great deal of Mozart's music was written for specific occasions—weddings, social parties and Court functions, the use of his pupils and friends—which together amounted to a vast corpus of works alike in *style*, but necessarily uneven in *quality*. I hope that the programmes of the coming bicentenary celebrations may carry the words of Professor Alfred Einstein, as the National Gallery programmes did when the 150th anniversary of Mozart's death was commemorated in 1941: "At last we shall persuade people that Mozart was a man." Being human, and not the machine he is apparently sometimes thought to be, he did not achieve his highest level of quality until after he had worked his way through several hundred jogtrot compositions where only slight traces of brilliance distinguish them from those of his lesser contemporaries.

"It is a mistake to think that art came so easily to me," wrote Mozart in his later years. "Nobody has spent more time on the study of music than I have done, and there is hardly any great master whom I have not studied hard and often." Those who accuse him of writing "tinkly stuff" are looking at him through the haze of post-Beethoven styles in which passion and feeling of one kind or another are displayed naked and unadorned. Mozart's mature music is no less rich in emotion; it is expressed in a style of refined sensibility not because the composer felt it any less deeply, but because this manner of writing music was the established idiom of his day.

When the structure of European civilization crumbled in the Age of Revolution, the entire way of life and manner of thought and expression was

changed. With the changes came a new virile style of music of which Beethoven was the leading exponent. But Mozart was dead—he died in 1791 when the French Revolution was at its height—and it is not even reasonable to expect that, even if he had lived, he would have been able to assimilate the new manner of artistic expression. He was essentially a provider of music for the society life of the late 18th century, with its lavish display and excess of politeness. The miracle is that within the thirty-five years of his short life he brought the style of artistic expression which we now call "classical" to a peak of perfection and infused it with a warmth of spirit which no other composer of his day achieved. He was the last and greatest artist of his age, and it is because the spirit of that age is realized to the full in his music that it has lived through the vicissitudes of two centuries to the present day.

In contemplating the occasion of Mozart's bicentenary, it is of interest to recall that his first symphony was composed at a house in Chelsea during a visit to London at the age of nine. The family stayed in this country for more than a year—from April 1764 until August 1765—in the course of Mozart's first extensive tour of Europe as a child prodigy. They lodged to begin with in Frith Street, Soho, and later removed to a house in "Five Field Row," which still stands and is now No. 182, Ebury Street, duly distinguished by a blue L.C.C. plaque on the wall. Returning from a concert at the home of Lord Thanet, Mozart's father, Leopold, caught a cold which turned to quinsy. As the young Wolfgang was not allowed to practise while his father lay seriously ill, he occupied his time in composition. A number of juvenile symphonies (of which all have been lost except the first) and several keyboard pieces were the result, including

MOZART IN ENGLAND

a set of six sonatas dedicated to Queen Charlotte, for which she sent fifty guineas.

The child Mozart and his sister twice played before George III and the Queen, who were enchanted with them. Leopold records in a letter that some days later, while walking in St. James's Park, the King and Queen drove by in their carriage and the King "threw open the carriage window and warmly greeted us—particularly our Master Wolfgang." In another letter the father mentions that at one of the fashionably patronized concerts given by the children, he "permitted Wolfgang to play the British patriot and perform an organ concerto on this occasion. Observe, this is the way to gain the love of the English." Once the novelty value had worn off, the receipts from their concerts began to diminish, and the Mozart family left for fresh audiences to conquer. Although Mozart's father had the deepest affection for his son, it is impossible not to realize now just how relentlessly the child was exploited. Leopold's only thought was to make the most, in a worldly sense, of his son's remarkable talents, and it was the strain of constant travelling from the age of six almost without rest until he was a grown man that weakened Mozart's health and hastened his early death.

Several times in his later life Mozart considered the possibility of settling in England where, his friends told him, he would be able to depend on an assured income instead of eking out a poor existence in Vienna on the modest sums he earned from casual patronage, giving lessons, and the sale of his music. However, family reasons and a sense of loyalty to the Emperor Joseph II kept him in Vienna, and it was some time before his music began to filter through to England in any quantity. The Coldstream Guards claim the credit for



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LEOPOLD MOZART WITH HIS TWO CHILDREN,
WOLFGANG AGED 7 AND MARIA AGED 11.

introducing the first snatch of Mozart, in the shape of Figaro's famous aria "Non più andrai." It was transformed by their bandmaster of the day, Major Eley, into "The Duke of York's March" in 1787—the year after the first performance of the opera *Le Nozze di Figaro* in Vienna. Other bits and pieces followed. The duet "Crudel! perchè finora?" sung by Nancy Storace and Francesco Benucci, the original Susanna and Figaro in the first Vienna production, was spatchcocked into the middle of an opera called *La Vendemmia* by one Gazzaniga, given at the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket in 1789. In 1790 Nancy Storace sang "Batti, batti" from *Don Giovanni* in Bianchi's *La Vilanella Rapita*, much of which consisted of music pilfered from Mozart.

It was not until 1806, fifteen years after Mozart's death, that the first complete opera of his was produced in London. This was *La Clemenza di*

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Tito, and was followed in May 1811 by *Così fan Tutte*, which had a brilliant success. The next month the baritone Giuseppe Naldi chose *The Magic Flute* for his Benefit appearance, and in June 1812 the famous soprano Angelica Catalani chose *Figaro* to be given in aid of the Scottish Hospital. *Don Giovanni* did not reach London in a professional stage production until 1817, after the librettist Lorenzo da Ponte had failed to persuade the Opera House to produce it in 1794. Mozart's orchestral music was introduced here at much the same time in concerts at the old Hanover Square Rooms and elsewhere, and by the middle of the 19th century the composer was firmly established in the public esteem as a classic, although in a somewhat inferior position as the forerunner of the "greater" Beethoven.

In the next fifty years his reputation faded, and the operas became mainly the prerogative of the *prima donna*. The public went to hear Patti sing Zerlina, for instance, not to bother overmuch about *Don Giovanni*, still less about Mozart. When the coming of Wagner had routed the *prima donna*, Mozart's operas became just funny old-fashioned stuff, and his other music was relegated to the classroom for little else but study purposes. Professor Dent traces the revival of interest in Mozart in the present century to the independent season of opera organized by Thomas Beecham, then aged 31, at His Majesty's Theatre in 1910, which included performances of *Così fan Tutte* and *Il Seraglio* in English. There is no doubt that Sir Thomas Beecham has done more for his beloved "Muzzart" here than any other man, unless it is Mr. John Christie, whose opera festivals at Glyndebourne have been primarily dedicated to Mozart ever since the first season in 1934.

Mozart's music to-day sets a standard of elegance in style and expression as Michelangelo and Milton do in sculpture and poetry. In an age of turmoil and confusion audiences turn with relief to its positive virtues of sheer beauty of sound, satisfying patterns, graceful simplicity of manner and a restful alternative to so-called "modernism" in all its forms. One must probe beneath these surface attractions, however, to discover the spirit of the true Mozart, with his amazing comprehension of every human emotion from pure comedy to pure tragedy. "The world," wrote Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel." Mozart's music continually demonstrates the truth of this remark, and in doing so stimulates and enriches the imagination.

He achieved this despite the strictest limitations which 18th-century taste placed on all types of artistic expression. Musicians and other artists were restricted in their personal lives by social conditions with which, whether good or evil, they were bound to comply. They were expected to create works which reflected the contemporary preference for an orderly simplicity and clarity. Mozart was only one among a large number of composers all of whom accepted these conditions and worked within the limitations without seeking in any way to change them. He emerged supreme because he alone brought to the established forms of music a new wealth of feeling, combined with a refinement of intellect, which together consummated the thoughts and ideals of a vanishing epoch. Mozart was an end in himself; he had no posterity, but his music lives as a timeless reminder of an age that died with him.

NOËL GOODWIN.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THACKERAY, KIPLING AND OTHERS*

By ERIC GILLET

IN 1862, a year before he died, Thackeray told his daughters that they must not authorize a biography of himself. It is easy to see what made him come to this decision. He had been disappointed by Mary Gordon's "Life" of John Wilson ("Christopher North") and he had suffered so many setbacks, so much deeply felt unhappiness that he could not bear them to be made public. At last Thackeray's grand-daughter and grandson, Mrs. Richard Fuller and Mr. W. T. D. Ritchie, have given their consent to a full-length biography and have helped a distinguished American scholar, Professor Gordon Ray, with it. The first volume, *The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846*, is altogether admirable. The author is well known for his excellent edition of Thackeray's letters and private papers. In *The Buried Life* he has already made a most useful study of the relation between Thackeray's fiction and his personal history, and he has issued other books about the novelist.

In recent years Professor Ray has unearthed almost the whole of Thackeray's correspondence with his principal publishers, Bradbury and Evans and George Smith, and various other unpublished diaries and reminiscences. He has come to his main task unusually well armed and the first instalment of biography is well written and about as well informed as it could be. If this high standard is maintained in the second instalment, and there is every reason to believe that it will be with the copious material at his disposal, this *Thackeray* will take a place among the very best English literary biographies.

At the present time Thackeray's novels are not widely read. His habit of button-holing the reader and moralizing is not popular to-day, and there is much to be said against it because, although his narrative, characterization and dialogue can be superlatively good, his comments

are often nothing of the kind. He is infinitely better as a creator than he is as a kind of chorus to his own work. He told his readers, "it seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. . . . I don't control my characters." He was at his best when he allowed them to take command. When he prosed about them the spell is broken, the story slows up, and the reader of to-day resents these intrusions.

Professor Ray gives an illuminating account of Thackeray's childhood and early struggles. His father died in India when he was two. His mother married Major Carmichael-Smyth, and Thackeray was sent home to relations in England when he was five. The Carmichael-Smyths followed him three years later. Thackeray was sent to Charterhouse in 1821, a year after the Duke of Wellington had described it as the "best school of them all." He was gentle and timid and only ten years old. Until well into middle life Thackeray referred to it as "Slaughter House" and he noted that torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. He was not altogether unhappy out of the classroom and he began to sketch and write parodies. Although he was too short-sighted to play games, and too indolent to care for them, he was extremely popular except with the headmaster, Russell, who treated him "with such manifest unkindness and injustice, that I can scarcely bear it." When Thackeray left he took with him narrowed sympathies. Unconsciously he had adopted the highly conventional

**Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846.* By Gordon N. Ray. Cumberlege, O.U.P. 35s.

Rudyard Kipling. His Life and Work. By Charles Carrington. Macmillan. 25s.

King James VI and I. By David Harris Willson. Cape. 30s.

Stranger in Italy. By Herbert Kubly. Gollancz. 18s.

public school standards of the time. Although he regained a broader humanity years afterwards he never ceased to ask himself about anyone he met, is he "a man of kindly nurture," a gentleman by birth and education? This had a great deal to do with his subsequent clash with Dickens. Charterhouse put him on the defensive. His friendly nature was turned in upon itself and he acquired a cool, even satirical manner which made him seem reserved and self-sufficient.

At Cambridge his years at Trinity were an altogether happier experience. Edward Fitzgerald became a close friend. They agreed to despise the curriculum which, as Leslie Stephen pointed out later, was designed "not to teach anyone anything, but to offer heavy prizes for competition in certain well-defined intellectual contests." Thackeray and Fitzgerald preferred to spend their time discussing books, music, the theatre, and almost everything under the sun. It is not surprising that Thackeray never took a degree. His small income was just enough to make him independent, but when it failed he tried to read law without success and then took to journalism, which was regarded in those days as mildly disreputable for a young man with his background.

The next eleven years were unsettled and unhappy. Although the Carmichael-Smyths came to his help on more than one occasion and his marriage to Isabella Shawe was a happy one at first, he soon began to regard himself as a failure. He was often desperately short of money. Isabella was pretty and undistinguished, but she had neither the mind to be a companion to her husband nor the ability to run his house. The greatest tragedies in his life were her gradual lapse into insanity and the death of a small daughter. It was during this period that Thackeray wrote an unending series of miscellanea. He became an expert parodist. He was able to hit off other writers' styles and accents. Defoe, Swift and Fielding were among his models, but he did not find his own voice until *Vanity Fair*, and he was thirty-six when he finished it. It is his greatest novel, and in his biography

Professor Ray discusses it with deep understanding:

... *Vanity Fair*, like *The Book of Snobs*, is really conservative in spirit. In his comprehensive and impartial appraisal of English life Thackeray praised what was good while he attacked what was bad. If he was at war with the grossness and arrogance of the Regency, he was equally urgent in wishing to make the benign aspects of gentlemanliness part of the middle class code that governed English behaviour in the 1840s. Considered in this light, *Vanity Fair* is the capital illustration in literature of the revolution in manners that occurred between the reigns of George IV and Queen Victoria.

As Professor Ray points out, the triumph of *Vanity Fair* was the watershed in Thackeray's career. He had proved and justified himself as an author. He was no longer merely a brilliant journalist and satirist. He had been acclaimed as "the Fielding of the nineteenth century." Charlotte Brontë dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to him. Mrs. Carlyle exclaimed that "*Vanity Fair* beats Dickens out of the world" and Leigh Hunt was sure that Thackeray would go down to posterity with Dickens.

At this point *The Years of Adversity* breaks off. Its successor is to be called *The Disappointments of Success*.

Rudyard Kipling died on January 18, 1936. He has had to wait more than nineteen years for the publication of the official biography written by Mr. Charles Carrington. I was a small boy when the *Just So Stories* came out and I remember receiving three copies of them one Christmas. People seemed to think they were the ideal present for a child and were much annoyed when I showed no enthusiasm for them at all. I never became a Kipling addict until years later when I was captivated by *Kim* and a few of the poems (their author called them verses) and discovered Kipling as one of the most remarkable of all short story writers. I think my favourites have always been *They* and *The Brushwood Bay*, but some of the grotesques, *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*, for instance, are a delight.

THACKERAY, KIPLING AND OTHERS

The songs and stories about machinery and masonry have always been dark mysteries to me and I find it hard to get through them, but I have no doubt at all of Kipling's genius. He is one of the few poets of this century who has written memorable lines, and one of the few writers of fiction who has created characters not easily to be forgotten. He was as much at home in Simla as in Sussex. His talent flowered from the moment he returned to Lahore from Westward Ho, where he left Stalky and Beetle. As soon as he became a journalist, living with his entirely united and most talented family, he never looked back. He had been starved of affection in his exiled boyhood. The people with whom he stayed in South-sea during his holidays were hostile. His mind was bruised by them and he never entirely recovered from the treatment he received there. For the rest of his life he was unhappy when he was away from his family, although the tremendous reputation he had won before he was thirty might have been some compensation for the unhappiness of his youth. He remained true to the sentiments of his own *If*.

Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work, seems to me to be a very fair and an entirely interesting biography. Mr. Carrington has some illuminating things to say about the early books of verse which sold by the hundred thousand. In calling Kipling the most impressionable of writers who drifted into the style of the poet who gave him the momentary impetus to compose, Mr. Carrington notes an odd idiosyncrasy. It seems that Kipling had a strange tendency, when writing an intimate letter to a close friend, to imitate the script of the person he was writing to. When he wrote verse, and the *Barrack-Room Ballads* furnishes a good example of this, he had an eye on the music-hall songs of the time. The *Ballads* are addressed to an audience, not intended to be read in an armchair, just as the ballads of old were composed to be sung and to be printed and read. Kipling's close friend, Mrs. Hill, claimed to have been present at the inception of *Barrack-Room Ballads* in 1889 :

We were on the British India steamer *Africa* sailing towards Singapore, standing by the rail when he suddenly began to hum "Rum-ti-tum-tra-la"—shaking the ashes from his pipe overboard. I was used to this, knowing something was stirring in his brain. Humming in a musical tone, he exclaimed "I have it. I'll write some Tommy Atkins Ballads," and this idea kept simmering for months, with an occasional outbreak in soldier-like language.

The plots of the best short stories are the infallible work of an expert, but it is not without interest to note that the plot of *Kim*, which was ostensibly about the training of a police spy, does not seem to matter much. The experiences of a small boy thrown into the vagabond life of India and loving every minute of it are what makes this remarkable story a fascination. The white men are comparatively unimportant. The Indians make the book. Kipling got to know all kinds of Indians when he was a boy at Lahore. His interest was stimulated by his very gifted father, Lockwood Kipling.

Mr. Carrington is unduly modest about his attempts to explain Kipling's work as a short story writer. He remarks that they are sometimes cryptic, sometimes obscure, sometimes allegorical. His love of jargon sometimes betrayed him into mere avalanches of words and are occasionally over-technical. His writing became involved, compressed and elaborate, but his sudden almost blinding illuminations would often break through. To the end of his life he was insatiably curious about the way other people worked and lived. He was always among the most honest of English writers. His beliefs may sometimes have been wrong-headed. They were invariably sincere. All these things and his unique talent entitle him to a very high place among the writers of the last century. Mr. Carrington has done justice to his full life and to his exciting work.

Like Thackeray, James I has had to wait a very long time for a full biography, and in Professor David Harris Willson's *King James VI and I* he has been portrayed with a dry wit and objective approach exactly

suit to his strange but by no means negligible personality. From the time of his mother's forced abdication, a year after his birth, James was in the care of various guardians and tutors. Buchanan and Young were both determined to make him a paragon of learning, as they took the view that a king should be the greatest scholar in his own kingdom. Beginning the day with prayer, he devoted himself to Greek. After breakfast he read Latin or history. Dinner followed and then he gave some time to composition. If time permitted he studied arithmetic or cosmography, which included geography and astronomy, or dialectics or rhetoric. When he was sixteen Buchanan was able to tell him that he had pursued the history of almost every nation and committed many of them to memory. Unfortunately, James had an excellent memory and learned with great ease. He was intelligent, but not as clever as he appeared to be. He received a thorough grounding in Calvinistic theology and delighted in the argumentative solution of theological problems. There was not much room for mysticism in James, though he took a strong interest in witchcraft and demonology. He wrote stilted and formal verse and received much flattering praise for his *Basilikon Doron* and the *Counterblaste to Tobacco*, a famous pamphlet full of inaccurate learning and windy writing. The witch tobacco, he remarked, "hath quite blown away the smoke of hospitality and turned the chimneys of men's forefathers into the noses of their children." Noticing a tobacco shop in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, he ordered that it should be demolished at once. These activities and a heavy duty James clapped down on tobacco aroused a formidable defence and smoking was given a publicity that tended to increase it. When James died it was said that the custom lost its best advertiser and that only then did excessive smoking begin to subside. He held equally strong opinions about women's dress and adornment. "I wonder not so much that women paint themselves," he said, "as that when they are painted men can love them." He was

even prompted to address the ladies in bad though pointed verse, but it does not seem to have had any effect upon them at all. He held civilized views upon duelling and here he was more successful. In England James was tireless in his efforts to ferret out people who simulated demoniacal possession or pretended to be witches. He was very shrewd, "the promptest man living," Francis Osborne called him, and he insisted on seeing a boy who foamed at the mouth and displayed other strange symptoms. As a result of the boy's accusations nine people had been hanged for witchcraft and six others were in prison awaiting trial. In James's presence he confessed all his tricks to be frauds. The witches in prison were released, and the judges were given a sharp reprimand for their "carelessness" in hanging the other nine.

The most costly and persistent of James's interests was his passion for hunting. Delighting in country life, he moved restlessly from one hunting lodge to another when he became King of England. In Scotland the nobles had made life so hot for him that he had not been able to indulge these pleasures as much as he would like to have done. In England he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the chase. As the Venetian Ambassador said, with some feeling, "He seems to have forgotten that he is a King, except in his kingly pursuit of stags, to which he is foolishly devoted." James gave way to bursts of temper when he was unable to hunt. On one occasion he was so angry when the rain came down in torrents that he planted himself in his chair at the door of his hunting lodge to see whether God would keep His promise never to drown the world again. He was almost as annoyed when he tried to bait a bear with a lion, which withdrew and put his tail between his legs as soon as he saw his adversary. Of James's sporting achievements the most notable were the race-course made at Newmarket and the Arab horses he introduced into England.

His manners at Court and at table were atrocious. A coward in many ways, he was a fearless horseman. An ingrate, he

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could be good company when he was happy himself. "He was very witty," Welton wrote, "and had as many ready jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself but deliver them in a grave and serious manner." He revelled in display though he did not enjoy paying for it, and the lavish entertainments at Court made it difficult for him to attend to affairs of State, during the very short periods he spent at Whitehall. There was much confusion and it persisted throughout the reign. It did not take the English long to revise their favourable opinion of the new Sovereign. He had not proved to be a paragon of learning, wisdom and virtue. He was, rather, a bewildering personality who had favourites, spent all the time he could on his own pleasures, and then unexpectedly did something shrewd and effective when he had tested the patience of his ministers and subjects almost beyond endurance. Professor Willson is particularly happy in his chapter on James's relations with the Church of England. "James took it," he remarks, "to his heart in a long rapturous embrace that lasted the rest of his life."

With his Parliaments he was much less fortunate. There were times when the privileges of Parliament had no meaning for him whatsoever. Towards the end of his life he was hated and despised by his people. He had Buckingham, Prince Charles, and the ladies of Buckingham's family to whom he was devoted. The rest of the world was unreal to and unregarded by him. He distrusted his advisers and went in perpetual fear for his life. The ill-omened visit of Buckingham and Charles to Spain had ended in disaster. It was the beginning of the end for James. His weakness and indecision had paved the way for the chaos and tragedy of his son's reign.

Professor Willson's biography is lively, readable and scholarly. Above all it is just. The baffling years of James's reign in Scotland are depicted with admirable clarity. The King, who had his moments of acute self-knowledge, would probably have agreed that this is a fair but unflattering estimate of himself and of his activities.

The New York critics greeted Mr. Herbert Kubly's *Stranger in Italy* with superlatives of admiration and surprise. The author claims that it is "a book of the heart." That seems to me to be exactly what it is. Mr. Kubly is an entirely honest observer. He went to Italy under a Fulbright research grant of the U.S. State Department and he has made the best possible use of it. For fourteen months he lived in Italy and tried to discover why, in spite of the 3,500 million American dollars invested in Italian friendship, the return has been a poor one. In the Italian General Election of 1948 the Communists were defeated by the pro-American Christian Democrats. Since then the Communist bloc has gained one and a half million supporters and the influence of the Christian Democrats has steadily declined. He found that anti-Americanism is an abstract, impersonal sentiment hardly ever directed towards an individual. "The Italian feels betrayed, abused and rejected," he writes, "not by Americans, but by America. This is because we have not paid him the courtesy of listening to him." In their enthusiasm for the American way of life it is likely that enough attention has not been paid to what the Italians really want. There are two million unemployed in the country and many of those who are working earn less than a dollar a day. Mr. Kubly believes that when young Italians become Communists or Fascists they are usually the victims of the shameful conditions in which many of them live.

Mr. Kubly is a realist, a first-rate descriptive reporter, and he likes people. There is a streak of sentimentalism in him which he keeps under control except when he writes about homeless children or other 'unfortunates with great feeling, but even in these passages he is careful to be factual. That is why his description of Father Borelli's *casa dello scugnizzo* is most moving, with its account of little street arabs living a reasonably disciplined life in Naples under the first care and affection they have known in their short lives.

This book is full of vivid pictures. There are the extraordinary horse races at

Siena ; carnival time at Viareggio ; the dark mediævalism of Lucca ; the strange visitors to Capri and Taormina ; and the remarkable wine festival of Marino. There are also hundreds of conversations with all kinds of people. Mr. Kubly is a good mixer. *Stranger in Italy* is a most unusual and unconventional mixture. As far as the author can, he has written without self-consciousness, and the result is a memorable book. ERIC GILLETT.

CHRISTIAN PROCONSUL

WINGATE OF THE SOUDAN. By Ronald Wingate.

IN all our history of overseas achievement there is none greater than that performed by a handful of great public servants in Egypt and the Soudan from the time of the British occupation of the former country in the 80's until we divested ourselves of our responsibility for the governance of the Soudan recently. As a young man I had the privilege of friendship with the three principal architects of this achievement—Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener and Sir Reginald Wingate—and I also knew others whose contributions were only slightly less important, such as Lord Milner, Sir William Garstin and Slatin Pasha.

A great deal has been written about Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, but until Sir Ronald Wingate's life of his father, little has appeared in print about Sir Reginald Wingate. He himself could have written a fascinating autobiography but, like the great gentleman that he was, always refused to do so, because, as he once told me, it would have involved giving the true facts about his dismissal from the High Commissionership by Lord Curzon and the Foreign Office—one of the worst mistakes made in a quarter of the globe where successive British Governments compete with each other in bad statesmanship.

It was high time that his life was written and no one could have performed the task better than his talented son; he has an admirable style, is scrupulously fair, and has a comprehensive knowledge of the

tangled problem of the Middle East, to which he refers in his book without going into unnecessary details or wearying his reader.

He brings out with brevity and clarity the salient points in the career of a man whose achievements were as remarkable as his character was outstanding. No other British subject in living memory has governed a huge province for ten years with dictatorial powers as Wingate did from 1900 to 1910, to the satisfaction of those whom he governed and with the complete confidence of the authorities at home, though for four years of this period a Liberal Government was in power with a strong anti-Imperial following on its back benches. When, during the 1914 war, he was transferred to the High Commissionership of Egypt, he left behind him a legacy of affectionate respect alike among the great and the humble in the Soudan, similar to that which Lord Roberts commanded after he left India. Indeed, having served for a short time with both men (as a member of the Committee of the National Service League in Lord Roberts's case, and as an officer in the Arab Bureau in Sir Reginald's), I would say that there was a strong resemblance between their personalities. Each was small in stature. Each combined great clarity of view and indomitable courage, both moral and physical, with calmness and tact in all circumstances. Unlike so many great men whom I have known, they preferred persuasion, alike with superiors and colleagues, to the "bulldozing" of all opposition. Each was a very religious man and representative of the very best type of Christian gentlemen, incapable of spite, meanness or evasion in thought, word or deed. Both were sustained in the great enterprises which they undertook by the background of an ideally happy marriage.

Sir Ronald has written a very worthy book about a man and an epoch deserving of study by all serious-minded people. For such a study helps one to assess both the credit and the debit side of the present policy, supported by all parties, of divesting ourselves of our responsibilities in

Christian Proconsul

Asian and African countries. So far as the Sudan is concerned Sir Ronald shows that his father always regarded self-government for it as the ultimate aim.

WINTERTON.

SEAFARER

LANDFALL AT SUNSET. By David Bone.
Duckworth. 18s.

IN this autobiography the native virtue of the British shipman unconsciously shows itself. That one who put out on his first voyage in 1890, an apprentice under square-sail, from the Clyde round Cape Horn for San Francisco, and was released from the exactions of command only after gun-fire ceased in the last war—getting on for seventy years of it—should give his story of life at sea so easy a title as *Landfall at Sunset* is in itself remarkable.

It seems that David Bone accepted his lot. He did much to shape it. He went to sea because he wanted to, and has no complaint to make. He never hesitated over a dismal task because of the futility of life without purpose. You must tie a knot that won't slip though the heavens fall. The mental ailments which afflict others and give the wry pangs to autobiography that are relished by fellow sufferers and readers never, apparently, caused him to lose sleep when not on duty. He had respect for his parents, even for his father, and remembers with satisfaction that the old man had his funny side. He always took his fellow-men as they were and made what he could of them for the job in hand, without anger, and appears to have thought that that was about as much as the First Cause should expect of a mortal. Occasionally he admires the skill and courage of a shipmate; he goes as far as that, and makes a point of it, as if, when pure gold is present, though it now may be the fashion to look farther for hidden dross to cancel obvious merit, it is unseemly to do it.

Except by the way of the wind, which now and then can be dead ahead, he never admits to frustration. You would think

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Volume 1: The Early Letters

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that man is born to deal with circumstance, and there the obdurate difficulty always is for everybody, so what is there to make a noise about? Destiny, or the way things fall out we don't know why, gets no wail from him even when a torpedo sinks his first command soon after he assumed responsibility for her. She was a crowded troopship at that; but a ship's master may not repine because he is bereft of all in a moment. He must stay where he is, and see to it that those not already dead get clear of the wreck, if so much is possible. Admittedly it is not easy. There is great confusion in a great ship, and the people who have never been to sea before are milling about on the boat-deck, and the water is rising fast. Her bows are under. If a minute is left at the end, then her commander is welcome to it, if he can use it. David Bone just managed it.

Incidents like that are related, as seen by a close and accurate eye that missed no

significant particular, without increased stress or emphasis. The calm of the narrator is not broken; and perhaps that is why a reader sees the tragedy of it, and feels it as something personal. The facts are always enough, and they speak for themselves. That is, they do if the right words for them are used, and in the right order, and here they are, and here the right order is. This way of doing it, an old-fashioned way, almost forgotten, after all is quickening. It comes as a restorative after being numbed by so much that is deliberately sensational. The author, as a boy, had his first trick at the wheel when his ship was hove-to in a Cape Horner, when every awful undulation of the ocean was the apparition of death approaching fast; and since then has got used to the sight of men dying about him. Yet, for him, the sea is not cruel. It is only the sea, neither good nor bad. Stay away, if you don't like it, and are without the skill. And if man, with his many inventions and perverted purpose, adds horror to the cold immensity of the gale, what is that to do with the sea?

It is time to be reasonable, one infers, and to demand of a man only fidelity to a proper duty; and honour among seafarers, at least. For that reason, he refuses to call it war when hospital ships are torpedoed, men are gunned when in the water, lightships are bombed, and neutral passenger liners are sunk. That is black piracy, something new and strange, and quite unforgivable. After all, we have to recognize that simple men will hate cruelty and treachery. We must allow them so much. Anyhow, it is useless for nice diplomacy to try to get round it. They are stubborn men.

But David Bone's story has in it more than the peculiar idiosyncrasies of a British sailor. He has risen from the far-off days of *The Brassbounder*, a book known to very many readers, to be a knight with an honorary doctorate of the university of his native city, and his narrative bears witness to something of first importance in our way of life. There were more sailing craft afloat than steamers when he began, so he has seen the full revolution in

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LONGMANS

ships, and in customary ways at sea, and in all maritime business. The sailing ships came to full perfection, after several thousand years of trial and error, when he was a lad. While he was looking on, she went; the accepted scene abruptly changed and he was staring, somewhat bewildered, at the incoming of a new era. Boilers had taken the place of canvas. The sailor, almost as old as time, had passed, and the engineer had taken his place.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE *First Fifty Years of the Rhodes Trust and the Rhodes Scholarships* (Blackwell, 27s. 6d.) is to be presented to all former Rhodes Scholars and is, says Lord Elton who has edited it, "intended primarily for domestic consumption." Many other Oxford men will welcome the informal reminiscences by various hands and the records and achievements of many able and some outstanding men.

* * *

Mr. Francis Steegmuller is well known as an authority on nineteenth-century French literature. He is equally happy in *La Grande Mademoiselle* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), a biography of Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orleans (1627-93). The book deals with a fascinating period of French history. It has been written with great efficiency and charm.

* * *

There have been several "Lives" of *Marie Corelli* (Hutchinson, 16s.), but Mr. William Stuart Scott describes his book as "The Story of a Friendship." As a boy he found Miss Corelli's novels enthralling and later he knew her well. He has given his account of an astonishing woman with tact and humour.

* * *

In *The Governor's Lady* (Cumberlege, O.U.P., 18s.) Miss Marnie Bassett tells the story of Mrs. Philip Gidley King, who

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JOHN MURRAY

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

accompanied her husband, first Governor of Norfolk Island, in the early days of Australian colonization. A most interesting and lively book.

* * *

The literature of food and wine seems often to be written by humourless connoisseurs, but Mr. T. A. Layton is a welcome exception. *Wine's My Line* (Duckworth, 18s.) is full of agreeable gossip about his own experiences, and ranges from his work as a kitchen boy at the Ritz to running a grocer's shop in Mayfair during rationing.

* * *

D. H. Lawrence has been in the news lately and yet another book contains his *Selected Literary Criticism* (Heinemann, 21s.), edited by Anthony Beal. Lawrence could be pernickety, but his love of literature was deep and his judgments were often acute. This selection was well worth making.

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For more than twenty-five years, an archæologist, Mr. J. Eric S. Thompson, has been investigating the Maya. The results of his work are published in *The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization* (Gollancz, 21s.). A fascinating, well-illustrated book.

* * *

In October '43 (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) Aage Bertelsen organized a kind of Jewish Dunkirk from the shores of Denmark to Sweden and saved 6,000 Jews from arrest by the Gestapo. It is a remarkable story of Danish gallantry.

* * *

Mr. J. B. Perry Robinson's *Transformation in Malaya* (Secker and Warburg, 18s.) describes certain fundamental changes in Malayan society under the ægis and instigation of its British protectors. The author does not claim to be an expert, but he has written a reasonably fair appreciation of a complex situation. He does not seem to be altogether well informed about pre-war education.

* * *

Mr. Fred A. Hornibrook, the physio-therapist, writes freely about his strongly formed likes and dislikes in *Without Fear or Favour* (Cresset, 15s.). It is a cheerful, intolerant blend of anecdotage and theory, full of sense and vehemence.

* * *

It Gives Me Great Pleasure (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16s.) is the best and most amusing account of a lecture tour I have read. It should be read by anyone who has a similar project in view. Mr. Cecil Beaton's American odyssey is most entertaining. It should have a fine mixed press in the States.

* * *

Describing his book, *Uncommon People* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), as a "study of England's Élite," Mr. Paul Bloomfield describes about a dozen famous family connections, with emphasis on the descendants of five famous sires, Villiers, Barclay, Wedgwood, Stephen and Burghley. A lively climb down several well foliaged family trees.

Books in Brief

The author of *The Splendid Century* surveys the France of Louis XIV and of the Regency from a new angle in his new book, *The Sunset of the Splendid Century* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.). It is centred round the Duc du Maine, the illegitimate son of Louis XIV and the author has given a lively account of French court life at the time.

* * *

In *One Mighty Torrent* (Macmillan, 45s. 6d.) Mr. Edgar Johnson has attempted a survey of English and American biography over the last four centuries. One may quarrel with the comparatively small amount of space given to the last fifty years which are exceptionally rich in important biographies. Apart from this, the author's judgments are generally sound and the book has great value.

* * *

Juliette de Bairac Levy displays an almost equal affection for gypsies and herbs in her description of a prolonged stay in the Sierra Nevada, *Spanish Mountain Life* (Faber, 12s. 6d.). One of her most remarkable anecdotes tells how her badly scalded arm was cured completely in four days by an application of vinegar followed by repeated applications of honey.

* * *

Among war books one of the most remarkable of all is Lt.-Col. Mahmood Khan Durrani's *The Sixth Column* (Casell, 21s.). This brave Indian officer was captured in Malaya. He put into operation a plan for thwarting the Japanese scheme for infiltrating agents into India. Tortured, starved, and sentenced, Durrani refused to divulge anything. He still lives irretrievably marked. For his outstanding courage he was awarded the George Cross. Mr. Nehru boycotted the presentation. The author ends on a sad note. "A period of oblivion, humiliation, tests and turmoils followed this event."

E. G.

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Novels

- THE FACTS OF LOVE. By Stanley Wade Baron. *Secker and Warburg*. 15s.
 THE PAINTED LATH. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. *Heinemann*. 15s.
 A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. By Adrian Bell. *John Lane*. 9s. 6d.
 POINT OF ORDER. By Gwyn Thomas. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.
 ROX HALL ILLUMINATED. Phyllis Paul. *Heinemann*. 13s. 6d.
 THE UNDOUBTED DEED. Jocelyn Davey. *Chatto*. 13s. 6d.

THE Facts of Love is a polished, worldly-wise comedy about a group of people, English, French and American, who skip lightly backwards and forwards between the various European capitals. A lot of the action takes place in restaurants and bars. The writing is witty and economical and some characteristic fauna in the British and American social cum literary sets are nicely spared. Mr. Wade

Baron brings off one feat often attempted though seldom successful; his best portrait is that of a character seen almost entirely through the eyes of others. This is Lucy Forlane, one of those girls, fascinating or maddening, according to your appetite for punishment, who fall repeatedly into awkward situations, from which they are rescued by the protective sense which their innocence arouses, even, it would seem, in the breast of Providence. The narrator of the story, a pleasant young American attached to the Embassy in London, is asked by some mutual friends to look up Lucy in Paris, which she is visiting for the first time. From this casual beginning, his life and everyone's life is bound up with Lucy's. She hands out travellers' cheques to strangers in bars; she gets involved with a French painter who has an unsatisfactory wife and a dominating mother, she nearly ruins the hero's love affair with a charming young actress. In the end, almost absent-mindedly, she snatches a very eligible peer from under the nose of the girl who had expected to land him. This leaves the narrator free to consolidate his own love affair, but we fear that "I love Lucy" is written on his heart. A pleasant and highly entertaining story.

I have noticed recently the beginnings of an artistic revaluation of Victorian Suburbia. The long despised villas of Putney and Streatham and Highbury, for all their dusty shrubberies and inapposite ornamental features, seem positively endearing compared with the post-war bungaloid growths which are now eating up the countryside. For me at least, the best part of Beatrice Kean Seymour's *A Painted Lath* is its evocation of that decorous suburban life in the early years of the century, a life whose narrow confines could be expanded by the Victorian genie, self-improvement. Jessica, the heroine, is a clever girl of humble parentage who becomes a journalist and acquires the broader horizon which, in those days, to those women, meant an intense concern with Women's Rights. Jessica marries the wrong man, a charming weakling, and suffers a good deal before she is able to

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NOVELS

divorce him and marry her earlier suitor. Mrs. Kean Seymour can resurrect the physical surroundings, the social manner and the moral tone of those vanished years, but she does not succeed in reviving the excitement. I thought Jessica was a dull girl, with all her concern over votes for women and the pacifist standpoint in the First World War. She never seems to have queued up to see Pavlova or to hear Emmy Destinn, and she could have done either for five shillings.

Adrian Bell's *A Young Man's Fancy* also begins in London's suburbia, but it rapidly moves into the Suffolk countryside, for which its author has such deep feeling. Adrian Bell's reconstruction of the routine of middle-class life forty years ago is less solid than Mrs. Kean Seymour's, but perhaps it is because the scenery is less weighty that the characters seem more alive. Roland Pace is a delicate, sensitive young man, devoted to both his parents though aware that they have very different

ideals of life. His father, the Scottish editor of a Sunday paper, sets the highest store on intellectual integrity; his mother, a gay, rather vaporous creature, has better social connections and desires a more colourful life. There is no violent conflict or tragedy; this is a gentle, well-mannered book about kindly people. Roland grows up and has his first love affair with Miranda, who is richer and more sophisticated than the Pace connection. But his true love is Naomi, the girl who will help him to forge their routine of life from small beginnings and share the years of hard work which are inescapable on their Suffolk farm. The whole book is suffused with that respect for life and personality which is the true definition of *pietas*. There is, perhaps, less about the countryside than we have come to expect from Mr. Bell's books, but in those passages which occur the old magic is there.

From the gentle Englishness of Mr.

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Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific research, and I direct that the Treasurer's
receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

Bell's book to the rip-roaring Welshmen of Mr. Gwyn Thomas's is an abrupt passage. Mr. Thomas's exuberant use of colloquial language has earned him comparisons with classics from Runyon to Rabelais, and the comparison with the former has some force. Mr. Gwyn Thomas's narrator is a young man with a passion for local politics; they even impede his courtship with Jasmine, a long-suffering young woman doomed to listen to impassioned speeches on the state of the drains in Minerva Road. When you begin the book, it is enormous fun, you can almost get excited about the drains in Minerva Road yourself. But before long, you begin to weary; it is not merely that the novel has no central plot, it has no hard core. Mr. Gwyn Thomas, who has so much talent, ought to set his sights higher next time.

Miss Phyllis Paul, who is, I believe, a new writer, sets her sights very high indeed. *Rox Hall Illuminated*, which starts out like one of those rather subtle and mannered psychological thrillers, resolves itself into an examination of the origin and development of a religious devotion. A Carmelite nun has died at Rox Hall in Kent, one of the houses of that Order, leaving behind her, after the manner of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, an autobiographical fragment, promising that miracles will follow her death. Sure enough, rumours of miraculous occurrences spread. The Church is cagey, but the popular Press plays up the "appearances" at Rox Hall with all its resources of ballyhoo, so that pilgrimages of the devout and the curious swell to formidable proportions. A Nonconformist minister, a man of some integrity but little learning or sense, sets out to "expose" the cult, which he considers to be a Popish plot. For what sort of woman was Katherine Anthony, hysteric, fake or saint? In this enquiry, Miss Paul is the reverse of illuminating. Following a fashionable literary technique, Katherine is seen in a shifting spectrum; by the young man who wants to believe that he is her son; by a tough young woman who was once one of Katherine's many parasites, when, as a wealthy woman of the world, she had liked

to play at being a patroness; by the widow of a clergyman who had looked after her protégés when Katherine tired of them; by her father and by an old friend, who had actually visited her at the cottage at the time when the miraculous conversion was said to have occurred. Out of all this, the reader, alas, gets exactly nothing and the violent ending has little or no relevance. Yet, if this is a first novel, it is very much above the average; although the carpentry of the book is ramshackle and the central character never emerges from the mist, there is a very considerable command of atmosphere and a nice, satirical wit.

The Undoubted Deed is a detective story, which I call superior in no patronizing sense. In spite of the pyrotechnics of Welshmen and New Yorkers, I prefer the literate idiom and I like a detective with a nice taste in quotations. Ambrose Usher, born in what was once Serbia, has become the complete Oxford professor, but his impeccably British manner, grafted on to his exotic origin together with his international reputation, make him very useful to the Government on confidential missions. The scene is the British Embassy at Washington, in charge of a retired Admiral of the Winstonian breed. When Ambrose arrives at the Embassy, the Admiral is going to give a Guy Fawkes party, introducing some of his fearsome home-made fireworks. His staff are very dubious; they fear that the Americans won't see the joke, that some over-sensitive diplomat may be offended, and that somebody will be hurt. They are right on all counts; under cover of the noise, Hewitt, one of the British secretaries, is shot. Ambrose has to decide whether to pursue the political angle, for the fear of Communist infiltration is ever present; or the personal, Hewitt had undoubtedly been involved with the wife of a colleague. Ambrose does not have the detection all to himself; there is an interesting contrast of techniques between him and the American police-captain, Shaughnessy, but they end up with deep mutual regard. The chase wears a bit before the kill, but the writing is most enjoyable. RUBY MILLAR.

MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

THE absence of these market notes from the January issue meant that I have not been able to record that the highest point of the *Financial Times* index of ordinary shares in 1955 was 223.9 and the lowest 175.7; and that the year ended with the figure at 200.4.

Investors opened the year in the Stock Exchange in buoyant mood, and within three days they had carried the index up three points. The optimism was short-lived. By the middle of the month it was down ten points, and the decline may continue a little further.

There seemed little reason for the first fine careless rapture other than an overflow of the spirit of goodwill to all men, which induced an incautious bout of buying unsupported by any economic justifica-

tion. The political news gave no cause for cheerfulness, the figures of our dollar balances and trade returns for 1955 had not been published, and the credit restriction policy was still in full swing. Nevertheless, a few days of optimism carried prices up several points, and the ebb as quickly sucked them down.

It may be as well to repeat, here, that price movements, in times like the present, can give an exaggerated picture of what is happening. If a buying movement begins when jobbers are short of stock, a flow of small orders can quickly raise prices. Equally, when buying dries up, and sellers predominate, jobbers will as quickly mark prices down in self-defence. Institutional investors with large orders were not in the market, and when a thin market develops

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For those of my readers who find it difficult to understand this, or any other, aspect of investment I would recommend that they spend some part of these days of market uncertainty in reading a very useful little book (recently published by Putnams 9/6), called *A Simple Guide to Shareholding and Company Accounts*. Its author is John Wood, a young man who has a sure grasp of his subject, and whose lucid style of writing and simplicity of presentation will clarify many points that may have puzzled the amateur investor. The book deals not so much with the intricacies of the market, but with company affairs—balance sheets, new issues, reserves and all the other factors which condition share values—and a knowledge of such things can often explain why most shares stand where they do in the market.

Among the influences which have caused buyers to hold off are the fears of an increase in the Bank Rate, which many think possible, and the fact that short-time working has been announced by the Austin Motor Company. Is a recession in the motor trade indicative of probable contraction in other manufacturing industries? This question naturally induces caution, because it implies that the credit squeeze is at last working through the national economy, and its effects may yet have a big influence on the course of production in the next few months. Another uncertainty arising from the contraction in the motor trade is the possible effect on the trades unions which are lining up with demands for an increase in wages. If it is possible that the supply of labour may become less tight, and the products of the factories less easy to sell, the union leaders may incline to caution in putting the case for an increase.

To these uncertainties must be added the position of sterling, and the foreigner's view of our economy. Is there confidence in sterling, or will it be considered necessary to increase the Bank Rate to reassure the foreigner and attract his balances to London? This question raises another uncertainty in the minds of investors:

What sort of man is the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what policy change, if any, is he likely to make?

Most people fail to realize that Mr. Harold Macmillan is one of the few men in the Government who have had a business training. He has taken part in the successful running of a world-wide business, as well as having been prominent in politics for many years. For a large part of his political career he represented an industrial area. He has a very good mind, has played a prominent part in forming Conservative policy, and has the reputation of refusing to accept dictation from permanent officials. He understands the necessity to build up our gold and dollar reserves, and halt the inflationary trend. Investors are asking "Can he do it?" As we go to press, the new Chancellor has made no pronouncement of policy. It is understandable that professional as well as private investors prefer to stay out of the market until they detect a lead from the Government.

It is probable that Mr. Macmillan will not alter the credit restriction policy, but rather intensify it. As the screw tightens, companies will tend to decrease expenditure on plant and cut their plans for other capital investment. Plans for raising new capital will therefore be abandoned. This will mean, from a market point of view, that the increase in ordinary shares available to the investor will halt, which in turn would ease the upward pressure on interest rates. When institutional investors can see the effects of the policy reflected in higher yields, they will come to the market as buyers.

As we go to press the market is weak and prices are sagging. The Prime Minister's remark that any improvement in profits should be passed to the consumer, not the shareholder, has caused some confusion in the minds of investors, who now wait more anxiously than ever on the first statement the new Chancellor will make. If, as some think probable, he makes no significant statement until he makes his Budget speech, markets will remain inactive until the end of March.

LOMBARDO.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

GOOD recordings of Mozart's piano concertos have been rare up to the present, indeed almost non-existent, but the start of his bicentenary year brings us one that is completely satisfying from every point of view. This is Solomon's playing, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert Menges, of the A major (K488) and the C minor (K491), and one may be legitimately proud that it is an all-British achievement. The A major is, perhaps, the best loved of Mozart's piano concertos and Solomon plays it with loving care for the shape of the phrases, giving the abundant melodies both spaciousness and intimacy. He makes the wonderful slow movement sound to be what it is, a sigh from the depths of the composer's heart, and gives a delicious sparkle to the last movement.

Solomon plays the C minor, a powerful work, with a certain reserve, never taking it out of its century and making it sound like Beethoven, and the conductor also keeps the orchestral part to scale (H.M.V. ALP1316). Solomon, with the same conductor and orchestra, has also recorded a fine performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and though I much admired Kempff's disc (DGG. DGM 18131), this one just displaces it in my esteem; the recording itself is better, it is indeed extremely good (H.M.V. ALP1300).

We are getting to know the "London" Bach's music a little better now and it is good to find Johann Christian's delightful *Symphony in B Flat* (really an operatic overture) together with Dittersdorf's *Symphony in C*, Haydn's *Divertimento in G* and Mozart's *A Major Symphony* (K114), composed in his fifteenth year, all on Decca LXT5135: Mogens Wöldike conducts the Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra in these works very competently, but with a slight lack of imagination and charm here and there—the disc is never-

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theless a welcome addition to the catalogue.

Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra give us a splendid performance of the complete Stravinsky *Fire Bird* ballet—not just the suite—in a really superb recording. What memories this evoked of Karsavina's unforgettable dancing (Decca LXT5115).

Also recommended. Fritz Lehmann and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in eight of Mozart's Overtures—the big five and *Idomeneo*, *Titus* and *Impressario* (D.G.G. DGM18091).

Chamber Music

Mozart's *Quintet in E Flat* for wind and piano (K452) with Beethoven's quintet in the same key and for the same combination make a very attractive disc (Columbia 33 (X1322). The artists are Gieseeking and the Philharmonia Wind Quartet and the recording is excellent. Decca have now completed their recordings of Bloch's string quartets with No. 2, played (like the rest) by the Griller Quartet. A grand

performance and recording of the finest work in the cycle (Decca LXT5072).

Instrumental

A complete recording of the third part of Bach's *Clavier-Übung*, comprising the great and small "catechism" chorale preludes, the Prelude and triple Fugue ("St. Ann's") in E flat (unrelated to one another), four harpsichord "duets" (two-part pieces for one player) and, on the spare side, five more choral preludes from various sources. Helmut Walcha plays the organ works on the small organ of St. Jakobi, Lübeck, and on the Schnitger organ at Cappel: and uses an Ammer harpsichord for the duets. His performances are almost without exception superb, his registrations most imaginative (D.G.G. Archive APM14047-9).

Choral

Berlioz was never so truly inspired than when he composed his oratorio *The Infant Christ*, the middle section of which (*The Flight into Egypt*) is a flawless jewel, and the meditation at the end one of the greatest things in all music. Thomas Scherman, the conductor of a well-recorded performance of the work on Philips NBL5022-3, has not wholly caught the right style in the central section and it was a pity to cast a contralto (Mary Davenport) in the part of Mary: it needs an Isobel Baillie type of soprano voice. The other singers (Donald Gramm and Martial Singher) are excellent, and so is the playing of the Little Orchestra Society, and the issue is not one to be missed.

An Evening with Robert Burns, with some of his poems (including the very dramatic *Tam O'Shanter*) beautifully spoken by Ian Gilmour and his wife, Meta Forrest, and his songs charmingly sung (unaccompanied) by the Saltire Music Group (directed by Hans Oppenheim) is a very different affair to those "Nichts wi Robbie Burns": convivial gatherings for which the poet is merely an excuse. This distinguished performance and fine recording will delight Scotsmen and Sassenachs alike (Columbia 33CX1317).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

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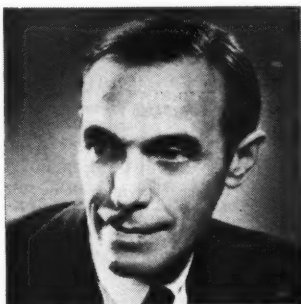
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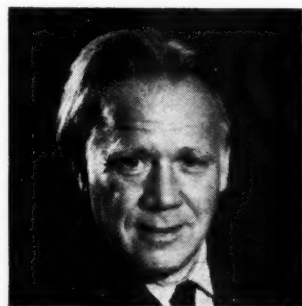
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